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VOL. 20. WASHINGTON, D. C. SATURDAY MARCH 22, 1902. NO. 42

Congressional Library

FATLLY INJURED.

CHARLES T. HARE ATTEMPTS MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Shoots Mrs. A. W. Lyon in the Parlor of her House and Attempts to end his own Life—Mrs. Lyon not Expected to Live—Hare will Probably Recover—Both Lying in the Maryland University Hospital—Hare Under Arrest—Motive for the deed not Known—Among the Most Prominent People in the City.

From the Baltimore American.

Two shots that rang out in quick succession and a womans scream was the first intimation that the neighbors in the vicinity of Sharp and Hill streets, had on Thursday, shortly after noon, that a tragedy was going on in the home of Rev. Ernest Lyon, pastor of John Wesley M. E. Church, just around the corner.

The participants in the affair were Mrs. Abigail Lyon, and Mr. Charles T. Hare, the well known barber, whose shop is on West Fayette St., near Fords' Opera House.

From all accounts, it seems that Hare had gone to Mrs. Lyons's house and called for her. Not five minutes after she entered the parlor where Hare was, the shots rang out. After shooting Mrs. Lyon, Hare turned the pistol on himself and sent a bullet in his own head, causing, however, only a scalp wound, from which he will recover. Mrs. Lyons, however, is dangerously wounded, and her recovery is doubtful.

The two people are among the best known people in the city, and have always stood high in the estimation of everyone. Mrs. Lyon is the wife of Rev. Ernest Lyon, pastor of the John Wesley Church, and president of the Maryland Agricultural Institute for Colored Youth. He is one of the most prominent pastors in the city. Mrs. Lyon is well known for the interest she has always taken in religious work both in the city and other places. She has been a favorite among all classes of Christian workers. She came to this city with her husband when he came here from New York to take charge of John Wesley Church and became a favorite from the start.

Mr. Charles T. Hare, is also well known in both social and Masonic circles. He is Past Eminent Commander, Knights Templar. He has been in the barber business for a number of years, and conducts one of the largest barber shops controlled by colored men in the city.

Just what the motive for the crime was, cannot be conceived. For some time, Mr. Hare has been quite sick, and during his recent sickness professed conversion and became a member of Bethel A. M. E, Church. The death of his second wife, a short time ago, has preyed upon his mind and he seems not to have been the same man since, and for sometime has had fits of despondency.

When questioned by Drs. McCord and Fowler, who came immediately upon the scene and administered to Mrs. Lyon, she could give no motive for the deed, except that Hare wished her to go with him and she refused. Hare has had nothing to asy about the matter except to regret that he did not succeed in killing himself. Hare is now under police surveilence and will no doubt be removed to jail as soon as he is sufficiently recovered.

The affair has thrown a cloud over the city, and regrets of the pronounced character are heard everywhere. This is the first time in Baltimore that such an event has happened in the upper circles of the race and on that account if for nothing else, it is to be regretted.

WILLIAM CHANDLER ROBINSON.

Alexandria, Va., March 14 1902

Last night at the residence of Magnus L. Robinson, 606 S. Washington Street, Alexandria, Va., the President of William McKinley Normal and Industrial School, of above named city, was the scene of an interesting gathering of relatives of the family and a select number of representatives of his race. The occasion was the christening of a bouncing big baby boy, the only grandson of President Robinson, who was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Robinson, Jr., 12 hours after President Roosevelt was sworn in as President. The wishes of the grand parent, who is an ardent admirer of former U. S. Senator Wm. E. Chandler, "who is one of the best friends the colored race has ever had, and still remains their stanch friend," as Mr. Robinson sums up Mr. Chandler's attitude toward his people, were carried out by baptizing the little fellow William Chandler Robinson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev Benjamin T. Perkins, of Sandy Spring, Md., according to the beautiful rites of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Perkins was assisted on this happy occasion by Rev. Robt. H. Robinson, of the M. E. Church, the child's great grandfather, who in turn will celebrate his seventy seventh year tomorrow.

It was, indeed, a picturesque scene those present to see three genererations of a family hale and hearty at the baptizing of a promising little fellow who will bear the name of a true and tried friend of the colored race. After the ceremony the parties sat down to refreshments, to which without saying ustice was done.

The 10th street Baptist Church corner 10th and R streets N. W. Rev S. Geriah Lampkins, B. D., Pastor, has just closed a very successful series of revival meetings. There were 111 converts.

Rev A. J. Tyler of McKeesport, Pa., Rev. H. C. Phillips of Beaverdam, Va., and Rev. G. B. Howard, D. D., of Petersburg, Va., took part in conducting the meeting. The services closed last Sunday night. But there will be a two weeks meeting beginning on the first Sunday in April which will be conducted by Rev. T. P. Smith of Indianapolis, Ind. according to an arrangement made with him last Sept. He is a noted evangelist. The Fifth Anniversary of the church will be celebrated from the 3rd Sunday in April to the first Sunday in May. There will be some alterations and improvements made that will add a great deal to the beauty of the church before the anniversary. The church was built by a Methodist congregation owing to which it was decided at the ministes' meeting last Monday to lay a corner stone representing the 10th street Baptist Church which will be done the 3rd or 4th Sunday in May.

Had Electric Lighted Nest.

The baya bird of India spends its spare time catching mammoth fireflies, which he fastens to the side of his nest with moist clay. On a dark night the baya's nest looks like an electric street lamp.

PHILADELPHIA'S FIRST CLASS HOTEL

An Up to Date Place.

The need of a first-class hotel in this city for the accommodation of the traveling public, especially the colored traveling public, is emphasized by the big prices which prevail in such hosteleries as the Walton, Continental and a few others that put up their prices or become suddenly crowded(?) when a respectable negro with his wife or daughter seeks accommodation. It is gratifying to learn that an enterprising negro business man has established such a hotel in this city of Brotherly Love, one which does not discriminate against either white or colored people who seek accommodations for themselves or their friends. It is a creditable beginning and should have every encourgement from the public The projector of this enterprise is Mr. J. L. Craig, and his house is located at 1732 and 1734 Lombard street. It has all the modern conveniences, It is comfortably and tastefully furnished, is heated by steam and lighted throughout by electricity. It contains twenty-two rooms, a cafe, a bath and toilet and all the comforts of a home.

The service is first-class, and the house is kept open all night. A hotel like Craig's should by all means be sustained, because when the people who patronize public houses discover that it does not draw the color line so long as a prospective patron is respectable and able to pay for his accomodation, it will relieve some of those public houses whose managers are reduced to the necessity of lying outright or deliberately refusing to accommodate those whom they regard as undesirable patrons, yet who are sometimes able to pay as others. We hope the Craig hotel will secure a regular hotel license. The experiment is well worth trying, as there are upwards of 64,000 negroes in Philadelphia who are just as human and just as fond of the luxuries and comforts of life as the Anglo-Saxon

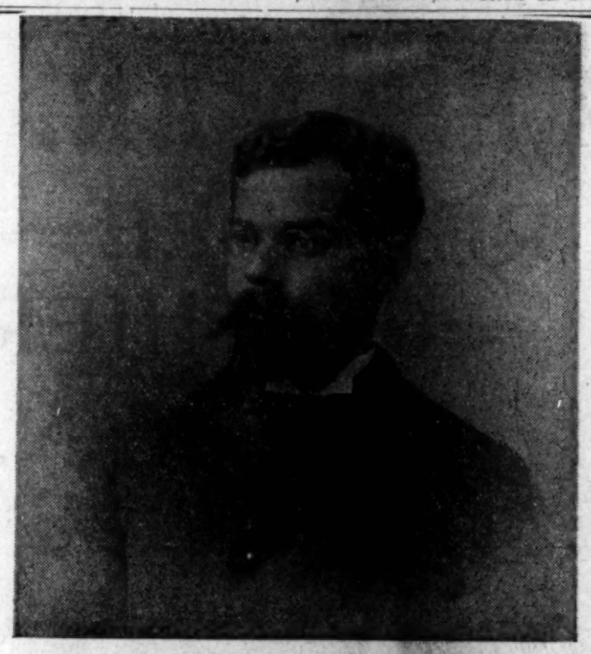
It will have forty-five states to draw upon for patronage, and negro ladies and gentlemen will gladly patronize it.

A STUDY OF HAITIAN LIFE AND THE MAN WHO WROTE IT.

(By Thomas Wallace Swann.)

It is not an easy task to make an exact estimate of a literary man. Men who write books are, as a rule, made up of so many varying elements, that it is almost impossible to get an exact focus. John Stephens Durham, has been successful as educator, journalist, diplomat, sugar planter, lawyer and author. I have been asked to contribute an estimate of this truly many sided man, for the readers of THE BEE. From such a task I would naturally shrink, were I not fresh from a perusal of the advance proofs of Mr. Durham's latest literary effort, "Diane." This complete novel will appear in Lippincott's Magazine, and can be obtained of any news-dealer in the United States or Canada. It has so many merits—chief among all is the merit of real literature. Its author has had exceptional training and experience He has standing in the world of letters. There are but few writers whose productions more really receive the stamp of approval of the best literary critics. For the past twenty years he has been constantly before the reading public; first in the secular and in the religious press of the country; and next retaining an honorable place in the journals and magazines of constructive thought and opinion; of the studying of the Atlantic Monthly, Lippincott's and the Independent. In 1896 he published, "To Teach the Negro History—A Suggestion," a critical analysis and examination of the negro from Colonial times to the present. It was intended as a key for the use of teachers, students, historians, philantropists and lecturers, and of those who are interested in knowing what was the beginning of the Negro upon the American Continent during the primative period of our government and his subsequent relations in the long and bitter passage from slavery to freedom. This work met with instant approval and is to day studied and discussed, as is no other book of its kind.

"Diane" is a novel that will readily take its place among the great literary and artistic creations of the age. It is a story of Haitien life, of Haytien love, and of its politics—a story in which intrigue superstition, diplomacy and war are to be seen in all of its hideousness, its grotesqueness and its grandeaur. "Diane," the heroine, is an unlettered but beautiful Haitien maiden She is in love with Alcide, a native, whose natural intelligence has been quickened by the assimulation of Saxon tastes. The innocent maiden makes the supreme sacrifice, that of her purname to save Alcide from the results of a terrible political conspiracy. It is a story in which pathos, romance and tragedy abounds. No man can paint a picture of life in the tropics without possessing the hand and brain of genius. The characters are drawn from different type, evidently to give a true story of th National life. The author has lived so long in Haiti, and in the tropics—has been so intimately associated with that race that he describes with ease the habits, customs and doings of its people. He exploits no theories; rides no hobbies; he ponders to no flattery; is thoroughly friendly, but writes unsparingly. With fine scorn he flays the defamers of the BLACK REPUBLIC and a



HON. JOHN DURHAM OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Ex-Minister to the Republic of Hayti. One of te Most Distinguished Men in the United States. A Lawyer, Scholar and Linguist.

the same time points out its weakness. There is no false note; it is all done in clean, simple pure English. No picture in contemporary literature is finer than that of Chief of State. How the reader thrills at the natural nobility of the man who prefers the anatomy of his own little independent country, with all of its apparent frailities, to the white man's civilization with its commercial exploitations and its myriad other concomitant vices. It is a remarkable well-told tale of love, devotion and adventure. One that cements the interest of the reader, makes the heart beat faster and the blood tingle. A book that you will lay aside until you have read its finishing chapter—and then you will read it over again and again.

Hon. John Stephen Durham has been so much in the public eye for the past twenty years, has done so many things worth doing, has worked so hard, so persistently and honest—without blare of trumpets and without seeking applause. He is so manly and modest that it is as disagreeble for his friends to write about him as it is for him to sound his own praises. Mr. Durham was born in Philadelphia during the years of war of SECESSION and is entirely the product of the Republic's New Era. His name is one of a long line of honorable ancestry in this Quaker community, which has been marked for strong physical manhood and womanhood, social culture and refinement, and leadership in educational, philanthropic and church work. Mr. Durham was educated in the public schools of the city, graduating with honors at the Institute for Colored Youths. He finally took a five year's course in Science at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving at graduation the Degree of Bachelor of Science. He also took a post-graduate course in Civil Engineering. While at the University he was Editor-in-Chief of the University Magazine and won National fame as an editorial writer. During all this time Mr. Durham supported himself at college and contributed to the support of his widowed mother's family. He was night clerk at the city post-office, reporter on the Philadelphia Times and conducted "quiz" classes for his untowered fellow-students. After leaving the University he won prominence as an educator in the public schools of three states. In 1888 he went to work upon the reportorial staff of the "Evening Bulletin, and in a short while was promoted to an Associated Editor's Desk. The "Bulletin" is an old established newspaper, pure in character, elevated in tone, consistent in principle, and true to the cause of civil and political liberty. Mr. Durham gained added prestige and power as an editorial writer on that paper and sprang at once into National prominence. He was most faithful and industrious as a journalist, but in his spare time he devoted himself to the interests of the Negro in Philadelphia, organizing workingmen's clubs and other useful associations. He urged his fellow citizens to strive for education and to make themselves by industry and good habits thoroughly fit for the opportunities of American citizenship, President Harrison selected Mr. Durham for the Santo Domingo Consulship in 1890. There he proved himself a capable diplomatic officer. When Mr. Douglass resigned the Haitien Ministership Mr. Blaine who at that time was Secretary of State, in the Harrison Administration, urged that Mr. Durham be named as Frederick Douglass's successor In this request he was joined by the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Editor, former Foreign Minister, and more recently Cabinet Officer; John Wannamaker, Merchant Prince, then Postmaster General; William P. Clyde, Edwin H. Fitler, then Mayor of Philadelphia; Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, Ex-Senator B. K. Bruce and the Hon John R. Lynch. Mr. Durham received the appointment. When he had finished his Diplomatic Mission he returned home to re-enter the University of Pennsylvania, there to conclude his law studies which had been interrupted by his absence in the tropics. He has made a big reputation at the BAR. His winning of the most celebrated murder trials in recent years, in Philadelphia, won the approbation of the bench and bar.

For five years he managed the largest sugar estates in the West Indian Islands To-day he is winning success at his profession as a lawyer.

Let us hope to his entrance into the permanent field of literary work, for which his rare preparation, qualities, observation, research and student-like mind is so fully tempered.

Philadelphia, March, 1902.

Officers of John G. Jones Consistory, 32 Degree, A. A. S. R. Masonry. Valley of Washington, D. C.

Ill. Henry C. Scott 33rd, Sovereign Grand Inspector General, Grand Deputy for the District of Columbia.

Ill. John M. Washington, 33rd, Commander in Chief.

Daniel Williams 33rd, First Lieut. Commander.

Charles L. Bland 32nd, Second Lieut Commander.

William H. Lewis 32nd, Grand Minister of State.

Alfred H. T. Walker 33rd, Grand Orator.

James H. Matthews 32nd, Grand Marshall.

Julius Jackson 32nd, Grand Treasurer.

Alexander Oglesby 32nd, Grand Chancellor and Secretary.

Richard Johnson 32nd Grand Prior.

James H. Howard 32nd, Grand Engineer and Architect.

Miles W. White 32nd, Grand Hospitaller and Surgeon.

James E. Pratt 32nd, Grand Master of Ceremonies.

Alexander Payne 32nd, Asst. Grand Master of Ceremenies.

George W. Phillips 32nd, Grand Herald.

Alex Dabney 32nd, Grand Standard Bearer.

W. J. Harrison 32nd, Grand Captain of the Guard

George H. Hunter 32nd, Grand Master of the Wardrobe.

William Douglass 32nd, Grand Sentinel.

J. W. Green 32nd, Grand Musical Director.

The John G. Jones Consistory 32nd Degree, A. A. S. R., is working under the United Supreme Council 33 Degree, A. A. S. R. for the Southern and Western Jurisdiction of the U. S. Africa and Western Jurisdiction, Ill. John G. Jones 33rd, M. P. S. Grand Commander.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

Rules and Regulations.

1. The object of the National Afro-American Republican League of the United States, will be to educate and instruct the people in Republican Politics, and organize Republican Clubs to distribute literature and to arouse an interest among the colored people and to work for the interests, advancement and success of the Republican party.

2. The number to organize a subordinate Republican Club shall not be less than 5. Each club shall consist of a President, First and Second Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five.

3. Each Republican Club that has been permanently organized will be entitled to one delegate in the Annual Session of the National Afro American Republican League of the United States,

4. Each Republican Club will send in a list of the officers and members of their club once a year to the President and General Secretary.

The Next Annual Session of the National Afro-American Republican League of the United States will meet August 15th, 1902, at Springfield, Ohio.

John G Jones, President,
3717 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.
W. Calvin Chase, General Secretary,
Washington, D. C.

IN THE FAR EAST.

A German tourist in Corea writes that the usual bill of fare consists of dog meat, rice and beans.

A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset. At that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of 12.

Vladivostock, which 40 years ago consisted of four Chinese fishermen's huts, is now a flourishing city of 50,000 souls, and Khabarofsk and Blagovestchensk are not far behind in wealth and population.

Corea is believed to be rich in gold, but it all belongs to the king, who gets 25 per cent. of the gross earnings, and whose consent for mining undertakings is hard to get. Nevertheless about $2,500,000 of the metal was secured last year.

The Chinese have the idea that milk revives the youthful powers, and that it has special virtue as a winter food for old people. Pictures and characters illustrating this idea, as well as the value of it for baby food, would without doubt increase the sale of American milk in China, as one of the consuls suggests.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

INDIANA MAN WANTED.

First Assistant Postmaster Generalship Offered to Harry S. New by the President.

Harry S. New, of Indianapolis, a member of the executive committee of the republican national committee, has been offered the place of first assistant postmaster general, to succeed William M. Johnson, of New Jersey, who has resigned. Mr. New is a native of Indianapolis, where he has been the publisher of the Indianapolis Journal for several years. He has been a member of the Indiana state senate since 1896, and served as a captain in the Seventh army corps during the Spanish war. Mr. New's work as a member of the republican national committee during the last campaign brought him the thanks of President McKinley and the present president for his valuable services to the republican party. The tender was made when Mr. New was in Washington several days ago, and at the president's request he is thinking it over. Mr. New is now in Indianapolis and declines to discuss the matter.

Vast Cave in Montana.

Montana's latest natural wonder is a vast cave, which has just been discovered about 50 miles east of Butte. A large river with a cataract of about 100 feet was explored for a distance of several miles without finding its source or outlet. A few articles of stone and copper utensils and some bones were picked up in one of the large apartments explored.

THEIR ORIGINAL MEANINGS.

Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller uses the expression "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man.

The word "prevent" originally meant nothing more than to go before. It is used in this sense in several places in the Scriptures.

Prejudice was originally nothing more than a judgment formed beforehand, the character of such judgments being best indicated by the present meaning of the word.

A mountebank is believed by some etymologists to have originally signified a man without lands, such a person naturally wandering to and fro in search of employment.

One Way to Success.

"It is close attention to the little things," remarks the Observer of Events and Things, "which makes the successful nurse."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Is Expanding.

"He believes in expansion, doesn't he?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, you ought to see him eat."—Chicago Post.

His Idea.

Teacher—What do you mean by a "quietus?"

Pupil—A blow in the solar plexus.—Puck.

TROUBLE IN HAWAII.

President Determined to Restore Peace and Unity.

George R. Carter, a Prominent Politician of Honolulu, Summoned to Explain the Situation in the Islands.

Senator George R. Carter, of the legislature of the territory of Hawaii, is now in Washington, as a sort of commissioner to President Roosevelt, to inform him as to the political situation in Hawaii. Carter is a well-known young business man of Hawaii who was elected to the last senatorial senate on the republican ticket. A few days ago, when Hawaii was agog with reports that Gov. Dole was about to be removed and Samuel Parker was to be put in his place, Carter received a personal letter from the president, inviting him to make a statement of the situation in the territory. The letter was a complete surprise to the recipient, who has never met Roosevelt and did not know that the chief executive was aware of his existence.

Carter's task is compared in Hawaii to that which President Cleveland imposed upon the late J. H. Blount, of Georgia, when the latter was sent to Hawaii, after the overthrow of the monarchy, to investigate,, as a "paramount commissioner," what had taken place, and report to Washington. Since Carter received his letter, he has had much the same experience as Blount had, having been called on by party leaders of all kinds and business men generally, who were desirous of getting their views before him before he left for Washington. The president's letter indicated that he expected Carter to write a statement, but Carter preferred to see the president in person.

In Hawaii the impression prevails that the action of the president portends a general reorganization of the territorial government. Ever since the organic act by which Hawaii was made a territory went into effect the islands have been torn by political dissensions. There has been a continuous campaign against Gov. Dole, the main movers being the royalists of the old days and their sympathizers. Visitors to Washington have followed one another, a large number of them trying to have Dole removed, though no charge has ever been brought against him such as would warrant investigation,, or be a reason for removal. Just before Carter received his letter it was reported in Honolulu that the president had decided that in order to bring about a harmonious administration in the new territory it was best to ask for the resignation of Dole, and it was also reported that Samuel Parker was to succeed him.

Senator Carter, says the Washington Star, comes from one of the oldest white families in the Hawaiian islands. His grandfather arrived in the islands before 1830, reaching there on a whaler and settling in the country. His father was H. A. P. Carter, a successful man of affairs in the islands, and his mother was the daughter of the late Dr. G. P. Judd, the man who negotiated the treaties with France and England by which both countries agreed to keep their hands off the islands, and by which, it is generally thought, the independence of the islands were preserved up to the time when America took them.

Senator Carter was born in Hawaii, 1869. He entered Yale (Sheffield Scientific school) with the class of '88, after a preliminary education in Oahu college, Honolulu. He was a member of the Yale 'varsity football team for three years, in '86, '87 and '88. He was one of Yale's oarsmen in '87 and '88. He returned to Honolulu in 1896, and is now the treasurer of the Hawaiian Trust and Investment company, the Hawaiian Electric company and the Hawaiian Fertilizer company, all very successful corporations. He was elected to the first legislature and was one of the hardest fighters against some of the frivolities of the home rule lawmakers. During the bubonic plague epidemic in Honolulu nearly two years ago, Carter was made chairman of the citizens' financial committee which took charge of the finances of the very expensive quarantine and campaign against the disease for the board of health.

It is thought in Honolulu that if President Roosevelt decides to ask for the resignation of Gov. Dole he will at the same time call for a number of other resignations. The judiciary is involved as well as the executive department, and a cleaning out there may be made.

Weight of American Pine.

American pine when green weighs 44 pounds 12 ounces to the cubic foot. When seasoned its weight is reduced to 30 pounds 11 ounces.

Oyster Bed in a Well.

Robert Douglas, a colored man of Paris, Tex., has an oyster bed in his well. Two years ago he brought home an oyster which was covered with little oyster shells, and one of his children threw it into the well. Now the bottom of the well is an oyster bed, and often the well bucket is found covered with young oysters.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

The Sport Is Full of Exciting Situations and Incidents.

Native in Pursuit of an Ostrich Is Stalked by Lions—Escapes by Accidental Discharge of Gun and Unusual Garb.

For the first time in nearly 11 years William F. Fagin, of Chicago, has written to a member of his family. Fagin has been a wanderer on the face of the earth for the last ten years and has lived and worked in every continent except Europe and North America.

He came into his money the day he became 21, and immediately made tracks for parts unknown. Reports of him have always come accidentally from those who have happened to meet him. He has written but one letter since he left home, and that was received within a fortnight by his married sister, Mrs. J. B. Thomas, of Boulder, Col.

It begins without preface or explanation, as if he had been a regular correspondent, and is as follows:

"Damaraland, Africa, Nov. 4, 1901.—Dear Ellen: It was in the expectation of finding ostrich feathers that I visited this great thirst-land. I have myself only succeeded in killing two of the birds, though my followers have done better—and of course have brought in their kills to me. I do not think any sportsman or traveler will differ from me when I state that there is no game so difficult to stalk as is this gigantic member of the feathered tribe. Its speed is marvelous; when going at its best pace you can no more distinguish the movement of its legs than you can the spokes in the wheels of a rapidly-moving carriage. It is gifted, also, with extraordinary powers of endurance, and a four or five-mile burst seems only a 'breather.' I had some of the best greyhounds that could be procured at home. In pursuit of ostriches they were absolutely nowhere. My horses I prided myself on, but I should have deemed

STALKED BY TWO LIONS.

myself a fit subject for incarceration in a lunatic asylum should I have attempted to gallop one of these birds down.

"When in Damaraland I had in my employment a 'Bastaro' named Swartz. He was a plucky fellow, an excellent hunter and up to the wiles and trickery of every description of game. A number of gemsbok had beeen seen about the wagons at break of day; so, after providing himself with a goodly piece of biltong and drinking a cup of coffee, he proceeded to the westward in the hope of adding some fresh meat to a reduced larder. About midday he returned, looking anything but the happy darky who had so gayly departed a few hours before. Naturally I demanded an explanation—a reason for this sudden change; but a long time elapsed before I received an answer, and then his tongue was only loosened by my giving him a large 'tot' of 'Cape smoke.'

"In unusually good stalking ground he came across some gemsbok with a fine old cock ostrich in their society. Such a bird being worth £100, he resolved to do his level best to get within as short a range as possible of the prize. With the utmost care he wormed himself from one ant hill to another, till he all but considered that success was a certainty. Then he rested, to see that the powder was up in the nipple of his old muzzle-loader and to replace the old cap with a fresh one, but, while thus engaged, he chanced to look behind him, and to his horror discovered that while he had been stalking the ostrich he himself had been stalked by two lions, at the moment not 30 yards in his rear. In the excitement the gun went off, not aimed at anything, but probably the fusillade saved my henchman's life, for the lions, on hearing it, rose from their crouched position, stared at him for a few moments and then slowly retired. How he was followed so far without being attacked I can only account for by his being clothed and in such an unusual position that the lions mistook him for some unknown beast."

Strange Mixture of Terms.

Church news and gambling terms are curiously commingled in the following item, which appears in the religious column of a paper in Hutchinson, Kan.: "The Baptist church at Leoti will lose its pastor because another church has raised the ante. The Leoti people refuse to call the raise, and will stay out and draw another pastor."

VICTIM OF JEALOUSY.

Paris Husband Imprisoned in a Cage Because His Wife Loved Him All Too Fondly.

Three days and three nights locked in a cage simply because his wife loved him all too fondly, have proved too much for M. Ravelote, a citizen of Paris, and he has applied to the courts for an absolute divorce.

According to M. Ravelote's story, the jealous rage of his wife caused her to have built in a distant room of the house a steel cage strong enough to hold a desert lion. He knew nothing of this until one day the wife, the coachman and a powerful maid servant pounced upon him and dragged him to this distant cell. He was thrust into

CROCKERY BEGAN TO FLY.

it, the door slammed and locked, and he was held a prisoner there until the woman who so innocently had excited Mme. Ravelote's jealousy had left Paris.

Even then Ravelote says that he would not have been released had his brother not chanced to call and insist upon seeing him. In the long days and nights in which he was locked up the complainant says that he was left to sleep without covering, on the bare floors of the cage, while food was passed to him through the steel bars.

In his bill of complaint Ravelote admits the sincerity of his wife's affection. He insists only that its accompanying unreasonable jealousies are intolerable to him. The storm which led to the building of the steel cage, he says, burst three months ago. One morning he remarked at breakfast in the most casual way that a young woman whom he had known as a boy was coming to Paris. In an instant, he says, crockery began to fly all about the room, doing great damage and seriously endangering his life. Peace was made only after he had promised not to see the young woman while she was in the capital. The building of the cage and his imprisonment followed.

ROUTED BY SPARROWS.

Hundreds of Hungry Birds Have a Peck at an Aged New York Farmer's Bald Head.

According to a Middletown (N. Y.) correspondent, Theodore Davis, an aged farmer of Pitt's Hollow, is suffering from an onslaught of English sparrows, which inflicted numerous wounds about his head and face.

Davis was crossing a field some distance from his house when he encountered a large flock of the birds. They arose from the ground as the farmer made his appearance and circled about his head, obstructing his vision. Then the birds began pecking at Davis, and in his efforts to escape the flock his hat fell off, exposing his bald head, which also

HIS HAT FELL OFF.

proved a target for the ferocious little creatures.

With blood issuing from the wounds on his head and face the aged farmer finally succeeded in making his escape, and, nearly exhausted from his experience, slowly made his way home, where his wounds were dressed.

Davis says it appeared to him as though there were many hundreds of the birds about him, and they were proof against all his attacks. He believes hunger caused them to make the attack.

There Are Falls and Falls.

An American traveler visited the Niagara skating rink, in London, not long ago. He watched the performance for some time, and then he turned to his companions and host. "Wa'al," he said, "I've seen our Niagara, and now I've seen yours. Our show is very fine and imposing, but I guess your falls are more amusing."

Announcement
—OF—
Vight, Jeweler,

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(Next to Johnson's Grocery)

I beg to announce that I have just returned from New York, where have made extensive purchases in Jewelery and Silverware. The same have rived, are unpacked, and ready for your inspection.

Ladies' 14k, Solid Gold Watches, $20; sold elsewhere; $25
Ladies' Solid Gold Rings, $1, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.50; worth twice the price;
Ladies' Genuine Diamond Rings, $5 up too $100; all of them gems.
Ladies' Solid Gold Lorgnette Chaines, $7 up too $16; all the latest styles.
Ladies' Solid Gold Brooches. $2.50 up too $25.
Gents' Solid Gold Dumb-bell Sleeve buttons, $3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, $2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
Gents' Diamond Sleeve Butons, $5 up; a little gem in each button.
Gent's Diamond Studs, $7.50 up.
Gents' Solid Gold Rings, with genuine stones, from $4 up.
Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
Solid Silver Teaspoons, from $4.00 half dozen up.
Ladies's Silver Watches, $4 and $5.

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Established 1863. Established 1863.

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RELIABLE CLOTHIER.
738 7th St, N.W

[Corner H Street.]

George Nesline.

ALL KINDS OF WINE 25 CENTS BOTTLE

Look Out For a Dry Sunday.

Eight Bottles Beer 25 Cts.

Wilson Whiskey Original Package	90c
Silver Creek Pure Rye	40c pt
Washington Club Rye	40c pt
Return Baltimore Rye	40c pt
Pride of Virginia Pure Rye	20c pt
Holland Gin Pure doubled distilled	40c pt
Holland Gin	20c pt
North Carolina Corn Whiskey	20c pt
Apple Brandy	20c pt
Pure Old Rye Whiskey	30c pt
Buttercup Rock and Rye	25c pt

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908 7th Street, N. W.

...SPECIAL SALE OF HATS $1.39...

Our stock is now complete in all departments with useful and tasteful Christmas Presents. Our line of Boys Overcoats is unsurpassed from $2.50 up. Mens Yoke Overcoats 7.50 up.

908 Seven Street, Northwest

Sympathy Between Twins.

Twin brothers living in Anderson county, Kentucky, are said by the Harrodsburg Democrat to have married sisters, and to each have been born three children of the same sex, with the same birthdays. One felt a shock in his foot and said the other, who was ten miles away, had been hurt. In the evening the absent brother turned up with three mashed toes. The twins weigh the same to an ounce.

Treasures of the Aztecs.

Explorers in the neighborhood of Chama, Guatemala, have discovered treasures during their excavations in search of mines. Coins and jewels, decorating corpses buried centuries ago by the Aztecs and Montezumas, have been found. So far the valuables have amounted to over $50,000. Workmen on the Chama plantations are wild, and have abandoned their usual work to hunt for buried treasures.

R·I·P·A·N·S

No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style package containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Finer medicine ever made since the world was created.

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RUPTURE CURE
BY

The latest Medical discovery, without pain, cutting, loss of time, or any of the dangerous infections. A physician from the South examined one of my cases, not knowing a rupture existed, pronounced him cured, showing the superiority of our method. A physician now under treatment says he has derived more benefit in the three weeks with us than by any other method for years.

Lost by dreams fully restored and all private diseases of both sexes, blood, skin, rheumatism, piles, stricture, bladder, kidney, hydrocele, varicocle, in old and so-called incurable cases, cured.

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The most cases solicited at the X Ray Medical Institution Urine examined Chemically and Microscopically.

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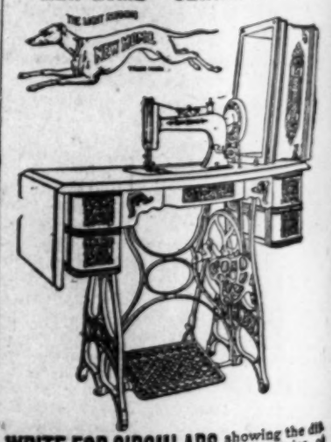

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Dallas, Texas. San Francisco, Cal. Atlanta, Ga.
FOR SALE BY

First Aid to Affluence.

"I care not for gold—though I shall not conceal
A certain vague yearning for pelf.
But just give me stock in the metal called steel
And the gold will take care of itself."
—Washington Star.

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

B. M. Be truthful and true to your friends.

Esther. The way to hold your friends is to be kind to them.

E. T. Don't imagine that you want everything you see.

Lillie. You may alleviate the friendship of those who are true to you by prevaricating.

D. T. You can never tell the value of a true friend until you lose him,

E. A. It is best to have some stability,

E. M. Don't believe all you hear. For goodness sake trust some one,

H. H. We shall miss you. How long do you anticipate on remaining.

T. O. Do as you are told, if it is right.

R. T. The most fashionable person in the world is the one who dresses with taste.

Etta. You should know what to do and try and do it.

J. T. A person whose mind is unbalanced should certainly come to some discussion.

L. T. You may drive your friends from you by your actions.

Norah. You never know the importance of your friends until you are in need.

T. M. The most noble woman is the one who know how to do noble deeds.

M. M. Let the event take place and don't postpone again. Your friends are uncertain,

N. M. The article may be a dream, but be careful and have your own wants supplied.

Estelle. You may be influenced by outward appearance, but, you will find more solidity in a true friend.

Rachel. Some people get tired to quickly and after they have realized their folly, they cannot retrace their steps.

Marie. It is a bad publicy for any young lady to make an engagement with two young men for the same evening,

Mamie. Don't allow your self to be addressed in familiar terms, in company or anywhere else.

Grace. When a man persists in calling on a lady against her will, she should excuse herself or send him word she is engaged. After doing this once or twice, I think he will comprehend,

Bessie. It is the true and noble woman who is satisfied with small things,

Isy. It is in bad taste to allow others to think that you are anxious for their company.

Rosetta. A company of ladies may attend a theater without an escort. Indeed, it is better to go alone than to have one to think that his company is needed.

Y T. You should not come to the conclusion that all people are mean. We some times fail to thank those who assist us

B. B. Some people never show their independence and indifference until you can do them no good. Never be ungrateful, neither should you be tray your best friend.

R. I. The nobelest quality in woman is when She is true to her trust and can appreciate those who have be friended her

Young girls should be more careful and not accepts gifts from young men.

Courtships are long and married life short.

You can command respect if you respect yourself.

Don't imagine yourself more important than you are.

Girls are most happy when they are doing well.

Don't join a dancing class where your social inferiors are.

The fashionable girl is the attractive girl.

Young girls should not be ashamed to work.

Young ladies should know how to keep house,

Divorces are caused because wives are failures.

Study the art of keeping house,

You should know how to make your own clothes, although you may not have cause to make them.

Increase in Railway Mileage.

The average increase in the length of railways throughout the world is about 11,000 miles per annum, equal to nearly 2½ per cent. of the total lines existing, which at the beginning of this century embraced nearly 480,000 miles. Of the increase during recent years 4,100 miles per annum are added to the European system, 3,500 miles per annum to the American system, while the addition in Asia is at the rate of 2,250 miles, in Africa 1,100 miles, and in Australia 160 miles per annum.

SOLDIERS LIKE HIM.

Gen. Lloyd Wheaton Is Simply Idolized by His Men.

All Sorts of Pleasant Little Stories Are Told About His Courage and Consideration of Privates' Comfort.

Gen. Lloyd Wheaton, whose frankness in expressing his opinions has stirred up a number of senatorial critics, will not ask for defenders. Practically without exception the men who have served under him, whom they fondly call "Dad" Wheaton, would fight for him to the last ditch against any odds. Even among the general officers of the United States army, including so many men of dauntless courage and splendid character, there are few who rank with Wheaton in personal popularity among the enlisted men. In appearance he is the ideal soldier, tall and straight as a pine tree. His thick hair is jet black and the lower part of his face is covered with a black beard, set off by a pair of long and fiercely-pointed black mustaches. On horseback especially he looks the part of a pirate king, and his voice is a deep bass of tremendous power that can be heard at great distances.

It is a favorite joke with the soldiers in the islands that "Old Dad" needs no staff, because he can make himself heard half a mile without straining himself. Most endearing of all, from the standpoint of the common soldier, Gen. Wheaton never spares himself, and many a little outpost, hard pressed by an overpowering force of the "niggers," has been inspired by the roaring command of "Old Dad"—"Go in, boys! Go in!"—while he himself, riding like a centaur, led the charge far in advance of the advancing column. Even his presence is inspiring. In many a hot skirmish, when the men have become tired and scattered, his tremendous voice, bellowing in the distance, has had the effect of a trumpet call or the arrival of a regiment of reenforcements.

"Brace up, boys," the call will go across the scattered lines, "here comes

GEN. LLOYD WHEATON.
(One of the Most Popular Commanders in the Army.)

'Old Dad,'" and then rushes into the fight the big bay horse, topped by the big, fierce man, with his black beard, and all is over but the shouting.

Enlisted men returned from service in the islands tell all sorts of little stories of Gen. Wheaton. For instance, there was the night after the landing at San Fabian. Six gunboats, says the Chicago Tribune, had gone down the coast to cover the landing of a lot of men under Gen. Wheaton, who were loaded on a couple of army transports. While the gunboats shelled the town Wheaton got his men into launches and other small boats and waited for the first chance to get ashore. Once or twice his eagerness led him to push ahead within range of the gunboats' fire, and each time he had to face about and retire, much to the amusement of the men, bobbing about on the swell in their little boats. Finally the party landed, under a hot fire from the insurgents, and rushed the town. After pickets had been thrown out and all arrangements made for guarding against a night attack, Gen. Wheaton started to turn in, with the idea of catching a few hours' sleep. He and his orderly went into a native house on the square and opened the door leading into the corner room. As they did so a couple of privates, who had already lain down to sleep on the floor, rose speedily, came to attention, saluted and started to leave the room.

"Here you!" roared "Old Dad," in his terrifying voice, "you boys need sleep just as much as I do. Lie down again and go to sleep."

So the commanding general and a couple of privates went to sleep side by side on the floor. But early in the morning, before any one else was awake, Gen. Wheaton got up and went out all alone on a reconnoitering tour. He closed the door, and it locked behind him with a spring lock. Several times during the night stragglers had come pounding on the door, and had been ordered away by the somewhat sulphuric orderly. It happened that the orderly had just got into a sound sleep when the general returned and knocked for admission. The orderly, who had no idea that Gen. Wheaton had gone out, woke up hot and angry.

With all the resources of his picturesque vocabulary he cursed the man who had disturbed him and ordered him to go away under awful penalties. "Now, you clear out of here and let us sleep, or I'll come out and kick your head off!" he roared.

"All right, sergeant," sounded the deep voice of "Old Dad," "all right, I'll clear out. But won't you please let me have my field glasses first?"

YOUTH OF MARQUIS ITO.

On His First Arrival in Europe the Great Japanese Statesman Had Just Two Dollars.

No student of oriental politics would to-day charge Marquis Ito with unprogressiveness. He is rightly considered as the creator of modern Japan. And yet, when he was a young man, he was bitterly opposed to the new-fangled ideas which his crack-brained countrymen were then busy importing from the occident. Because of his active opposition to the propaganda of the dominant party he was proscribed and forced to seek refuge in Europe. To an interviewer the marquis recently detailed the story of his emigration, in which

THE MARQUIS ITO.
(Recognized Leader of the Progressive Element in Japan.)

he and young Count Inauye were companions.

"We two young fellows," the marquis said, "made for Nagasaki for the purpose of getting to England. The only word of English we knew was 'navigation.' At the office of the shipping company the man in charge asked what we wanted; all we could say was 'navigation.' He sent us aboard a vessel and imagine our surprise at finding we had been shipped as common sailors. All through the voyage we had to scrub decks and work just as the others did. The English sailors found out that we had money, and it was soon gambled away from us. But not all, for we kept two dollars carefully stowed away in an old stocking for emergencies."

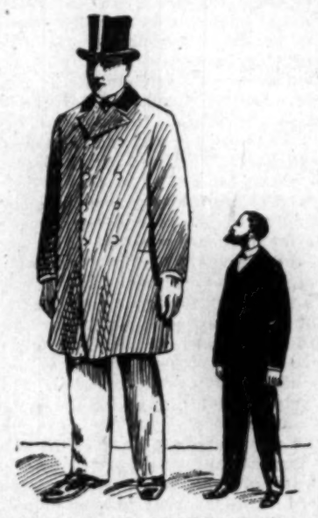
With these two dollars Ito and his friend arrived one wet and stormy day at London docks. No one came to meet them and they were left alone, hungry and destitute in the great city. One of the dollars was tossed in the air, and on the cast Inouye, it was decided was to go and seek for food. He discovered a baker's shop, threw the dollar on the counter, seized a loaf of bread, and, without stopping for the change, rushed back to Ito, who, tired and ravenous, was waiting for him. Next day their friends came for them, and they were no longer alone. Such was Ito's first introduction to England and to western life.

TALLEST MAN ON EARTH.

Edward Beaupre Stands Ten Feet Eleven Inches High and Weighs Just 587 Pounds.

Dame Nature has apparently outdone herself in Edward Beaupre, the young French Canadian giant, who bids fair to outrival the fabled one-eyed giant Polyphemus, of Homer's time, while he overtops by several feet modern competitors.

Beaupre, therefore, enjoys the proud distinction of being the tall-



LONG AND SHORT OF IT.
(Edward Beaupre, the Giant, and a Man of Ordinary Size.)

est man on earth. He is 30 years old, tips the scales at 587 pounds, and stands ten feet 11 inches high, his hands measuring 19 inches, and his feet 24 inches by 12 wide. A two yard tape measure barely encircles his chest.

Each of his trousers legs can contain the figures of two ordinary persons, and there is sufficient cloth in one of his suits to outfit ten average men. The massive framework of each of his outstretched arms will bear the weight of three athletes. A man five feet ten inches by his side appears a mere pigmy.

One of the peculiarities about Beaupre is that his father and mother were of ordinary size. From youth ne has been a great gymnast and has given much time to athletic sports.

Decrease in Whaling Fleet.

Since 1890 the number of ships in the American whaling fleet has decreased from 97 to 40. There is a steady falling off in the production of both sperm oil and whalebone.

OLD MEN AND YOUNG.

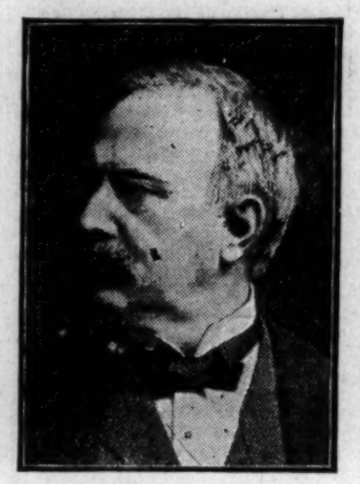
Members of the Senate Classified According to Their Age.

Only Three Are Under Forty Years and One Is Over Eighty—Month of May Holds the Highest Record.

When woman suffrage is thoroughly established in this country and women sit in both houses of congress it may become necessary to revise some of the customs that now prevail, and especially that unwritten law that makes it necessary for every senator and representative to furnish an autobiographical sketch, beginning with a statement of age, for publication in the Congressional directory. The records in the directory are revelations to many people who consult them. These records show an evenly balanced senate of young men and old men.

The records show that of 86 senators, three, Bailey, of Texas; Beveridge, of Indiana, and Kearns, of Utah, are under 45 years of age, the Texas senator being 38 and the senators from Indiana and Utah 39 years of age. Twelve senators are between 40 and 50; 30 between 50 and 60; 26 between 60 and 70; 14 between 70 and 80, and just one, Senator Pettus, of Alabama, between 80 and 90 years of age. Senator Pettus was 80 years of age his last birthday.

Senators who have lived more than 70 years, nearly all of whom have the vigor and appearance of much younger men, are Allison, of Iowa, 72; Bates, of Tennesese, 75; Cullom, of Illinois, 72; Frye, of Maine, 70; Gibson, of Montana, 71; Hawley, of Connecticut, 75; Hoar, of Massachusetts, 75; Jones, of Nevada, 72; Morgan, of Alabama, 77; Platt, of Connecticut, 74; Proctor, of Vermont, 70; Stewart, of Nevada, 74; Teller, of Colorado, 71, and Vest, of Missouri, 71. Senators between 60 and 70 years of age are Aldrich, of Rhode Island, 60; Bacon, of Georgia, 62; Bard, of California, 60; Berry, of Arkansas, 60;



JOSEPH B. FORAKER.
(Ohio Senator, Aged 55, the Ideal Age for a Statesman.)

Blackburn, of Kentucky, 63; Burrows, of Michigan, 65; Clark, of Montana, 63; Cockrell, of Missouri, 67; Depew, of New York, 67; Elkins, of West Virginia, 60; Foster, of Washington, 65; Gallinger, of New Hampshire, 64; Hale, of Maine, 65; Hanna, of Ohio, 64; Harris, of Kansas, 60; Jones, of Arkansas, 62; McEnery, of Louisiana, 64; McMillan, of Michigan, 63; Millard, of Nebraska, 65; Mitchell, of Oregon, 66; Money, of Mississippi, 62; Patterson, of Colorado, 61; Perkins, of California, 63; Platt, of New York, 68; Quay, of Pennsylvania, 68. Senators whose ages range between 50 and 60 are Burnham, of New Hampshire, 67; Clapp, of Minnesota, 50; Clark, of Wyoming, 50; Daniel, of Virginia, 59; Deboe, of Kentucky, 53; Dillingham, of Vermont, 58; Dubois, of Idaho, 50; Foraker, of Ohio, 55; Foster, of Louisiana, 53; Gamble, of South Dakota, 51; Hansbrough, of North Dakota, 54; Lodge, of Massachusetts, 51; McComas, of Maryland, 55; McLaurin, of Mississippi, 53; Mallory, Florida, 53; Martin, Virginia, 54; Mason, Illinois, 51; Nelson, Minnesota, 59; Quarles, Wisconsin, 58; Rawlins, Utah, 51; Scott, West Virginia, 59; Simon, Oregon, 51; Spooner, Wisconsin, 59; Taliaferro, Florida, 54; Tillman, South Carolina, 54; Turner, Washington, 52; Warren, Wyoming, 57; Wellington, Maryland, 50, and Wetmore, Rhode Island, 55. The following are between 40 and 50 years: Carmack, Tennessee, 43; Clay, Georgia, 48; Culberson, Texas, 46; Dietrich, Nebraska, 48; Dolliver, Iowa, 44; Fairbanks, Indiana, 49; Heitfeld, Idaho, 43; Kean, New Jersey, 49; Kittredge, South Dakota, 40; McCumber, North Dakota, 44; McLaurin, South Carolina, 41; Penrose, Pennsylvania, 41; Pritchard, North Carolina, 44; Simmons, North Carolina, 48.

Fond mothers, in casting up the chances of their boys to become senators, says the Washington Star, may study with some interest the records of the months in which the senators were born. Boys born in the late winter and early spring have the least chance. Of the 86 senators whose days of birth are given, only four were born in February, five in March and four in April. August was a bad month for senators, as but five came into the world in that month. The highest record is held by the month of May, in which ten senators were born. January, October and July were months fruitful of senators, as nine of them were born in each of these months. Six were born in June, eight in September, seven in November and six in December.

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All who are dersirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m ao cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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J. H. DABNEY,
Proprietor.

SPIRITUAL WEDDING.

Buxom Widow of Middle Age Becomes the Devoted Wife of a Ghostly Bridegroom.

Detroit, Mich., has been greatly stirred up in spiritualistic circles by the recent solemnization of a wedding ceremony which is one of the most remarkable and unique of modern times. It was the marriage of Mrs. Sarah Williams, a middle-aged and attractive widow, to the spirit of Theodore Comstock, a Michigan miller, who has been dead a number of years. The courtship and wedding has ben conducted under the direction of a band of guardian spirits numbering ten, and the ceremony was performed at the same time

JUST AFTER THE CEREMONY.

in the spirit world, the duties of a clergyman being assumed by the spirit of a Mrs. Wilson, who officiated through the organism of a medium, she conducting the ceremony as a minister would, only in different words.

Mr. Comstock is now engaged in the work of materialization and trumpet bearing around the room and singing hymns by a concentration of spirit forces.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung at the ceremony, while the medium was entranced. Mr. Comstock was an Englishman by birth, and a chemist, and his spirit bride says that this is why he is a fine subject for materialization, chemists being particularly susceptible to that work through good mediums. The band of spirits that guard the bride have taken Mr. Comstock in and will form a spirit lodge, controlling the movements of the newly wedded pair. In her picture Mrs. Comstock wears her bridal gown.

Figured Out.

"There is one peculiarly striking thing which I have observed during my 50 years of studying economics," said the gray-haired sage.

"And that is?"

"That the man who howls for a state of things whereby all men shall own the same amount of this world's goods is the man who has nothing, never did have anything, and wouldn't be able to keep it if he did have it."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Modern Tantalus.

"What's de matter wif Mistuh 'Rastus Pinkly?" inquired one of the belles of the parlor society.

"He has a heap o' trouble," answered the other. "Did you eber hyuh 'bout de 'gemman in de schoolbook dat was stahvin' wif victuals in sight?"

"Yassindeed."

"Well, dat's de position Mistuh 'Rastus is in. He's been 'p'inted janitor to a poultry show."—Washington Star.

THE WASHINGTON BEE

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Butterflies in the Arctics.

Mountain climbers often find butterflies lying frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warmer temperature, revive and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.

The Effects of Lightning.

Out of every three persons struck by lightning two recover.

The Bee.

—PUBLISHED AT—

I" STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year	$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	60
City subscibers, monthly	2

The Negro in Politics.

It is quite evident that negro leadership is a failure as well as the negro politician. The advice of THE BEE is that the masses of the negro should do all in their power to educate their children, accumulate property, and when they earn their money to save it. The negro politician is a failure; he is being used as a bait for corrupt purposes and to-day he is no longer a factor in politics. He is the "tit succor;" the trimmer and apologist. He has no thought or expression of his own. From the more fortunate white man he borrows all that he expresses and lives upon the official crumbs that his political master chooses to give him. In the south the colored politician has been supplanted. In the north the republicans are giving him the song and dance. Negro leadership is as base and weak as the negro politician. The white republicans south only want the negro who can be used. He is no longer at the head of the masses. He leads nothing, but, follows his white master and to the pen to be slaughtered.

Not Turned Down?

The editor of the Jackson *Mississippi Leader* takes pains to inform THE BEE that Col. Jas. Hill of Missisippi was not turned down. Well Col. Hill was removed. Suppose we say that? Does that make any difference? The fact is he is not in office now. So far as Booker T. Washington is concerned THE BEE knows more of what he told Mr. Roosevelt than the toodying Editor of the Jackson Mississippi *Leader*. Booker Washington is the made representative of the negro. The white people say that the negro must accept him. Mr. Roosevelt tells you that when he wants to know anything about a negro in the United States he will send for Washington. He is just the kind of a negro the white people want. He tells all the negroes to study farming. Some white people do not want the negro to have an education beyond the plow. Tillman says that plowing is too good for the negro because he will compete with the white man. Let the negro beware of Booker T. Washington.

John Durham.

One of the most talented and gifted colored Americans in the United States is the Hon. John Stephen Durham of Philadelphia, Pa. On the front page of this paper is a fine portrait of Mr. Durham and a sketch of his useful career, prepared especially for THE BEE by Editor Thomas Wallace Swann of Philadelphia, Pa., a man of journalistic ability who personally knows Mr. Durham. Mr. Swann knows what he is talking about and when he writes, as he does, he paints a picture of a man known to the world, as a journalist, lawyer and diplomat.

As a representative of the United States at Hayti, Mr. Durham won the respect and confidence of this government and when he returned to this country, after having won such laurals at the Hatian republic, he reflected honor on the American negro. He is a polished gentleman.

Devaux to be Retained.

The American negro is very much gratified to know that Hon. J. B. Devaux of Georgia is to be renominated for collectorship at the Port of Savannah, Ga. Mr. Devaux is an honest and patriotic republican and a white man in principles and politics. When we say white, we mean that his political acts have been and are honorable in every particular. He is strong among all classes of people and The Bee extends its congratulation to him and gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt.

The President has opened his eyes.

Democrats will not be able to fool him any longer, neither will pot house politicians.

Senator Hanna is the idol of the people.

The negro has a friend in the person of Public Printer Palmer.

Senator Mason will be returned to the Senate. You cannot beat him.

Let us have a Juvenile Court in deed and in fact.

Justice O'Donnell is strong in the hearts of the people.

Register Lyons is a safe representative and a friend to his people.

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT.

Its Significance Explained by John A. Kasson, Ex-Minister to the German Court.

John A. Kasson, the only living ex-minister to Germany, discussing the visit of Prince Henry to this country, has said:

"The visit is significant in that it marks a purpose on the part of his imperial majesty the German emperor to signalize his friendly feeling for the United States.

"There is a growing commercial rivalry between the Americans and the Germans. They are close competitors in many markets, and it is a matter of common knowledge that ill-advised utterances of hasty and irresponsible writers and speakers have at times tended to sharpen this competition.

"By this visit of Emperor William's brother an epoch of courteous and amicable endeavor is inaugurated. It will be impossible hereafter to charge any animosity to the German government on account of the natural striving of the German people to excel in their commercial enterprises.

"It has become the custom of governments in Europe to mark these eras of international cordiality by such visits. The compliment intended is not only directed to the president and his whole people of the United States. There is no doubt that Americans, without regard to party, will receive this visit in the same amicable spirit which made its conception possible. There is such a large percentage of the citizenship of this country of German extraction that a cordial reception was assured in any circumstances; but the fact that the whole people understand the chivalric intentions of the German emperor will add to the pleasure and cordiality incident to the entertainment of Prince Henry.

"I would not like to say more than that this visit will maintain a friendly international spirit, although it will in no wise restrict the mutual competitive efforts to master the markets of the world through excellence of product."

THE LATEST AIRSHIP.

To Be Brought to England and the United States by Its Designer, M. Santos-Dumont.

M. Santos-Dumont, upon his reception in England by the newly-founded Aero club of Great Britain, discussed his forthcoming experiments with his new airship that is in course of building for use in 1902. It will be the seventh and largest machine he has yet employed. It will be fitted with two petrol motors of 45-horse power each, as compared with the 16-horse power motor of the previous vessel. At present he has decided to carry out his experiments upon the lines in which he has been so successful. It is his contention in connection with navigable balloons that aeroplanes should not be used. M. Santos-Dumont thinks that petrol will be the sole power employed for aerial traffic, since with a petrol motor half the motive power is derived from the air, thus minimizing the weight of fuel to be carried. Electric and other motors must carry all motive power in bulk. The outer balloon of No. 7 will be cigar-shaped as before, but it will have two inner cases instead of one. There will be no framework inside, the material being kept rigid solely by pressure. M. Dumont intends continuing his experiments with machines with a carrying capacity of one person only for the present.

A Geological Phenomenon.

The crust of the earth has taken a drop near Mount Carmel, Pa. A square mile of land there has suddenly sunk two and a half feet.

Europe's Military Burden.

France has a soldier to every inhabitants. Germany one to 89, Italy one to every 126, Russia to every 134, and Great Britain to every 100.

NOT A DYNAMITE BOMB.

What Happened When an Intrepid Boston Policeman Monkeyed with the Little String.

Lying against one of the pillars that support the subway roof, a station man at Scollay square, says the Boston Transcript, the other evening found a cylindrical box about six inches long. A string straggled out from one end, looking for all the world like the fuse of a firecracker. He picked it up and showed it to the station master. The latter official examined it for a moment and then grew pale. The whistle dropped from between his teeth. He pushed the man from him. "Take it away and lay it down on something soft; and, say, let

"TAKE IT AWAY!"

it down easy," he exclaimed; and as the man looked surprised, he lowered his voice. "It's a bomb—a regular dynamite bomb."

The man had been holding the thing tight in his fist before. Now he clasped it gingerly with his finger tips; but he lost no time in making way to the ticket seller's office. Then began a series of frights as the mysterious object was tenderly passed along until about half-past six o'clock it was brought into Station 2. The carrier's hand was almost nerveless when he laid the thing before the policeman in charge. He leaned over the rail.

"Be careful," he said, "it's dynamite."

Then he backed toward the door. His hand was on the knob when the lieutenant shouted for him to come back and explain himself. But he didn't come back. With his hand still on the door he told his story, and meanwhile the lieutenant was eyeing the bomb. The inspector finished, and the lieutenant picked up the cylinder. He took hold of the string and gave it a pull. Everybody jumped in terror, and the lieutenant leaned back in his chair and laughed. He held in his hand a lady's fan. That was the dynamite bomb.

MICE IN SHEEP'S WOOL.

Eighty of the Lively Little Rodents Discovered in Fleecy Homes by Farmer Bailey.

Adsit Bailey, of Bath, N. Y., keeps a good many sheep on his farm in the town of Urbana. He noticed the other day, on going to feed his flock, a black spot on the back of one of the sheep.

When he went to look at it the spot instantly disappeared. Farmer Bailey rubbed his eyes. Then another black spot appeared for an instant on the

THE SPOT WAS A MOUSE.

sheep's back and as quickly went out of sight.

This time the farmer saw that the black spot was a mouse and while he was looking at the place where it had been a third black spot came into sight at the same place on the sheep's back, and disappeared as the others had.

Then Farmer Bailey thought it was time to investigate, and he thrust his hand down into the sheep's thick coat of wool, and found three snug and cozy mice nests, each with a new born litter of young ones in it. He lost no time in breaking up those odd mouse colonies, and then looked over the others of his sheep, with the result that he found four more in the depths of whose wool mice had chosen warm places to build nests and bring forth their young.

Ten nests were found in all, containing an aggregate of 70 young mice. The sheep seemed not only not to mind the presence of the mice nests in their fleeces, but acted as if they were not pleased with their removal and the destruction of their contents.

Circus of Trained Ants.

Berlin has a little circus in which the performers are trained ants. They dance, turn somersaults, draw miniature wagons, fight sham battles and perform other wonders.

BEAR ACTS QUEERLY.

Why Mrs. Cable Thinks Bruin Has Fallen from Grace.

Peculiar Antics That Have Made Old Jim Objectionable to Indiana People—His Encounter with a Railroad Train.

The Norton (Ind.) correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean says that bears of all kinds, and especially tame ones, are at a discount in that vicinity. In fact, it is the tame sort that the people object to the most. Some months ago a man who was traveling about the country with a performing bear came here suffering from injuries received in a fight with a gang of rowdies in South Chicago. His condition was such that he decided to go to Indianapolis for treatment, and left his bear, which he said was kind and gentle, with Farmer Cable, to be cared for until his return.

For a time Farmer Cable and his folks thought they had a treasure in the bear, which was an intelligent animal. It was docile and affectionate and acted as a watch dog, keeping away the tramps. The first sign of trouble came up two weeks ago, when Bruin, tired of being left alone, followed the family to church, and surprised the congregation by entering the sacred edifice and taking its place near the pulpit, where it remained through the service. Efforts to drive it out were fruitless, and the gravity of the occasion was sadly disturbed. The following Monday night the Cables had company, who stayed over night. With them they brought a huge mastiff. Just before retiring Mr. Cable said:

"I'll give the dog a warm box stall in the barn, and I'll tie the bear up, so they can't get together. I don't think there'd be any trouble if they did; but it's just as well not to take chances."

"Don't worry about the dog," said his guest. "Tige will take care of him-

JIM DANCING A CANCAN.

self. He can lick a whole barnful of bears."

Tuesday morning the dog was dead. The bear had chewed himself loose from the rope, torn down the door of the stall in which the dog was quartered, and hugged and clawed it to death. Tige put up a good fight, as the torn hide of the bear and the disordered condition of the stall showed, but was no match for Bruin. Mr. Dutton, his owner, was chagrined at the defeat of his pet, and cast ugly glances at the bear, which leered knowingly at him in return.

That same night, the weather having turned cold, the bear was housed in the woodshed for shelter. About midnight the family was aroused by a great racket in the kitchen, and found the bear beastly drunk and dancing a cancan on the table. It had forced its way into the cellar and tackled a keg of hard cider. Disgusted with its lapse from virtue, Mr. Cable drove it out into the yard—a job that was accomplished only after the stove had been upset and a lot of dishes wrecked. An hour later the engineer of an Erie train saw a huge beast armed with a big fence stake sitting on the track a few yards ahead of his engine. It was too late to stop the train, so the engineer turned on a full head of steam and went ahead. The engine struck Bruin squarely amidships, and, to the engineer's surprise, the bear landed safely on the pilot, where it clung to the signal flagstaff and was carried to the next stopping place. When the train slowed down the bear jumped off and trotted back home.

Bruin is still stopping at Farmer Cable's, but the latter says he will wait only one week more for the return of its owner and the liquidation of his bill. "If he doesn't show up Monday week," said Cable the other night. "there'll be a dead bear here, and my neighbors will have plenty of bear steak to eat. I don't want any more bear boarders."

"And no more do I," said Mrs. Cable. "I allus thought Jim was a good bear, but he's fallen from grace in a most amazin' sort of way."

Damages Against Dead Man.

The Indiana courts have added new terrors to matrimonial engagements. In the case of Christiansen versus Crum they have reached a conclusion involving the declaration of the principle that the death of one of the parties to a marriage engagement constitutes a breach of promise, entitling the surviving party to receive compensatory damages in such amount as may be shown to be just and equitable in the circumstances. In this case they were figured out by the jury at $6,000.

Nobody Can Explain This.

Nobody can explain why it is that from the first day of January to the first day of February there are always more deaths than births.

SWEET VOICE WON HIM.

Boston Telephone Girl on Her Way to Denver, Col., to Marry a Man She Never Saw.

Miss Nellie Brown, of Boston, is on her way to Denver, Col., where she is to marry a man she has never seen. Their courtship has been carried on through correspondence, and the only knowledge they have of each other's personal appearance is through photographs. The bride-to-be is a handsome young woman of 23 years. Her betrothed is a prominent business man of Denver.

The story of their acquaintance and subsequent engagement, as told

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

by Miss Brown to a Chicago American correspondent, is romantic.

"I am going to Denver to meet my intended husband," she said. "His name I do not care to tell. Our acquaintance is the result of a conversation over the telephone. It was during the excitement over the assassination of President McKinley that we became acquainted.

"The man was then in Boston on a business trip. I was employed at a telephone central in one of the hotels. He called for a number and in that way we engaged in conversation, which finally resulted in an exchange of names and an introduction through that means. The man promised to write to me, but thinking him to be like many others who joke with the telephone 'central,' I paid no attention to his promise.

"About a week later I received a letter from him and then our correspondence began. We became engaged to be married. Unless something interferes with our plans we shall be married within a week."

In the course of her conversation Miss Brown mentioned that in one of her letters the man claimed to have been captivated by her sweet voice and desired an acquaintance with her. It was this, she says, that won for her a husband. Miss Brown said that she came of a poor family and for the past five years has been earning her own living.

TOLD TIME BY BELT.

Every Hour After Eating the Fat Ice Harvester Had to Take It in a Hole.

"I've heard of many strange timepieces," said a buyer for an ice company to a Chicago Tribune reporter, "but I ran across something entirely new in that line last week. I went to a lake in Wisconsin to estimate the ice crop. Among the men working there was a heavy set fellow who was dressed in blanket clothes. He kept his trousers in place with a narrow leather belt, and several

A HOLE AT A TIME.

times in the course of the morning I noticed him tighten it a hole at a time.

"'What time is it?' I asked him, for my watch was not running.

"He glanced at his belt and answered promptly: '11:30.'

"Seeing that he had no watch I asked him how he knew, and he explained his system of telling time by his belt. After breakfast, which was eaten at six o'clock, the belt was set at the last hole. Every hour during the morning he was forced to take it in a hole. He knew it was 30 minutes after 11 because he had taken in five holes and the belt was just beginning to slacken. After dinner he would let it out again to the last hole and it would mark off the hours during the afternoon. He said it was as trustworthy as the best watch he had ever owned and several tests proved that he was right."

The Earth's Population.

The earth's population doubles every 260 years.

LEADS LIVELY LIFE.

Country Donkey Falls from Grace in New York City.

Once He Was a Model of Asinine Frugality, Now He Is a Confirmed Beer Booser as Well as Tobacco Fiend.

Life is all beer and skittles to Jack; that is, excepting the generous portion devoted to delirium tremens and remorse.

Jack is a white donkey. He resides on the West side and is known at every saloon between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, says the New York World.

There is a certain handicap in being a white jackass. One of any other color might bray far more loudly and go comparatively unobserved, but a white jackass, like a purple cow, is conspicuous by reason of its complexion and not because of its disposition.

Jack used to draw a turnip wagon out on Long Island. It was irksome work. There was no dissipation in it, and very little oats. Jack used to look out of his mild asinine eye at the far-away city smoke and say to himself:

"If I ever get to be a city jackass I'll make Rome howl, so to speak. I am as yet a country yap, but I'll make some of those dray mules look like wash drawings if I ever get a chance."

One day Jack's master loaded him up with green goods, in the way of celery, scallions and other succulents, and set forth to the city. Jack said not a word, but winked right and left to the gum-chewing cow and to his old side partner, the sore-footed mule, and then proceeded with speed to the city.

Now note the fall thereof. No more green fields or peaceful pastures for Jack. No more silent nights under the stars with the old bay cow and the somnolent pigs sleeping near by.

Jack was sold to Jimmy Carroll, of No. 156 West Twenty-ninth street,

JACK WANTED TO BUY.

and never returned to the farm. Carroll gave him his opportunity, and Jack seized it with praiseworthy vigor.

With his little load on his back and without permission he followed his master straight into a saloon and up to the bar.

Carroll wanted to sell things. Jack wanted to buy. The barkeeper set out a big schooner of beer. Duly assisted, Jack drank it. Here at last was real life. Another beer followed. Out on the street once more Jack fetched a bray that advertised Carroll's wares for a block.

Twenty-six large schooners was his record on Eighth avenue on that day. He had discovered that he was a natural-born rounder. It was the life he had longed to lead for years.

He returned to his stall that night, ossified. It was his undoing.

This was many months ago. Since then Jack has learned to chew tobacco like a "hayseed." He has learned to pick a schooner off the bar with his teeth and pour it down his throat all in a bunch. His eyes have become bleary and dissipated. He has begun to see things connected with the donkey hades, but he bears his troubles with equanimity and without a bray.

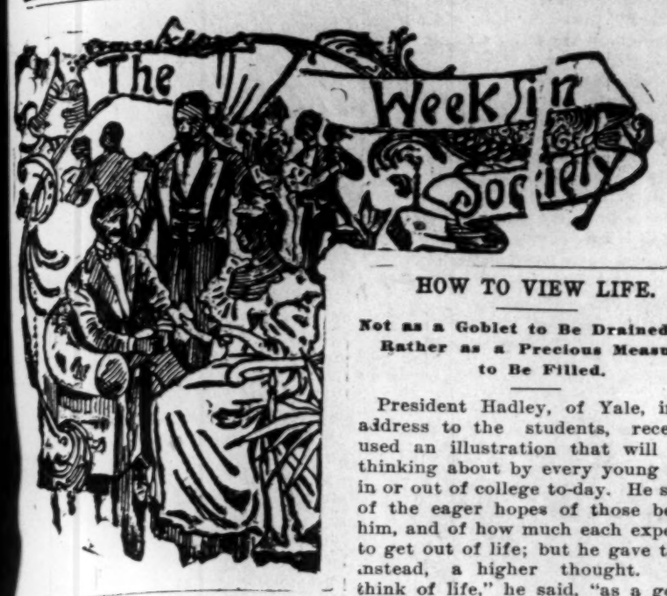
Almost any day you can see Jack parading up and down the streets of the West side, selling some things and guzzling others. All his early training is forgotten.

Developing Second Youth.

Noah Rabey, an inmate of the Piscataway township (N. J.) poorhouse, who, if he lives until April, will be 130 years of age, is now undergoing a marvelous change in his physical appearance. The old man has but recently recovered from a severe illness, but instead of growing more feeble appears to be developing a second youth. The wrinkles about his eyes and in his forehead are disappearing and the skin is soft and smooth instead of hard and tough as before his sickness. He believes that he will live to be 150 years old. Although blind and with back bent almost double, he is able to walk without a cane. The greater part of his diet has consisted for a long time of sausage and boiled turnips. His voice is cracked and high, but he articulates plainly. He says he can remember about 120 years ago, when he used to await the coming of Santa Claus like other boys.

Dogs as Truffle Hunters.

The truffle is a wonderful vegetable. It has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds. It grows just below the surface of the earth, and in France is discovered by the aid of swine, which are attracted to it by the fleshy smell it emits. In England dogs are trained to search for it.



Col. W. A. Pledger of the Atlanta Georgia Age is in the city this week.

Miss Nannie R. Lee will spend the Easter holidays with her father and sister, at 313 Elm Street, Le Droit Park.

Mr. J. W. Winchester of Shaw University medical school, who has been spending a few days in the city with friends, left today for his home

The Young Ladies Protective League will give a charitable entertainment some time soon. This is a new organization.

Mrs. M. E. Taylor of 11th street, after a successful winter at the Executive Mansion of Harrisburg, Pa., has returned to the city, where she has been greeted by her many friends and patrons.

Mr. M. C. Maxfield has issued invitations to the marriage of his niece, Mrs. Harriet Ricks to Rev. James H. Lee, Monday, April 21, 1902. Reception Wednesday, April 30, at 313 Elm Street, Le Droit Park.

Mrs. J. W. Lyons, wife of Register Lyons, who has been seriously ill and under the care of Dr. J. R. Francis and an admirable specalist, at the Columbia Hospital is fast improving and will no doubt be able to return to her home in a few weeks.

Major Geo. W Ford of Fort Scott, Kan., is in the city the guest of Mrs. Quander, 2423 Brightwood Ave., N.W. Major Ford called on the President this week in the interest of a gentlman in his state for the Haytian mission, but was informed that Mr. Powell would be retained.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Sarah Voohes Smalls to Dr. Jay Playfair Williams, Wednesday morning April 2, 10:30 in the First Baptist Church Beaufort, S. C. Miss Smalls is the daughter of Hon. Robert Smalls. Miss Smalls will live in Denver, Col. at which place a reception will be held after April 18th.

SPRING.

There wafts a fresh and pleasant breeze;
New life, new hope invest the trees;
Fleet winged messengers here and there
Fly innum'rable thr ugh the air,
They call this Spring.

They call this Spring; the dormant stream
Grows restless as a flitting dream;
And every ripple stops awhile
To greet the first of nature's smile;
They call this Spring.

The cutting shrill of Winter's voice
Now has gone; 'tis no more our choice;
The ice and snow that was so bold
Perhaps another tale has told.

Perhaps another tale has told
Of one who was frozen stiff and cold;
Deprived of beauty and of grace
Left to die in some desolate place.

But Spring is here and gay child hood
Seeks again the haunted wood;
And plucks the flow'rs with trustful care
As if no others were elsewhere.

'Cross the meadows, through ev'ry dell,
Weary, tired, ungrateful to tell
Lightly leaps the frolicsome hart
Taking what e'er befalls his lot.
The love of Sp ing.

To Miss R G.

By H Eugene Wilson.

Piano Recital.

The third piano recital by Miss Beatriz Lucinda Chase, assisted by her brother, will take place at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Friday Evening, April 18th, 1902, at eight o'clock. Both children are pupils of their mother, Mrs. A. V. Chase. Miss Chase plays the classic pieces of Mozart, Hoffman, Schupert, Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Strauss, Beethoven and other celebrated authors. The recital will begin precisely at eight o'clock.

MANIAC IN CHURCH.

He Seized a Crucifix and Ran Wildly Through the Congregation Beating the Air.

With a large brass crucifix in his hands and flourishing it to ward off an animal he imagined was after him, Peter Miller ran wildly through St. Philomena's church, at Pittsburg, Pa., during a funeral mass the other morning.

Miller walked into the church with some other men and took a seat near the altar. During the service he jumped up and shouted that rats and snakes were after him. He rushed through the church like a maniac trying to escape from his imaginary tormenters.

The side doors were locked, but Miller ran to them and tried to force

HOW TO VIEW LIFE.

Not as a Goblet to Be Drained, But Rather as a Precious Measure to Be Filled.

President Hadley, of Yale, in an address to the students, recently, used an illustration that will bear thinking about by every young man, in or out of college to-day. He spoke of the eager hopes of those before him, and of how much each expected to get out of life; but he gave them, instead, a higher thought. "We think of life," he said, "as a goblet to be drained; is it not rather a measure to be filled?"

There is the whole difference between a wasted life and the successful one in that short sentence. The world forever needs, forever values, the men who fill existence with value for themselves and others. "What do I get out of it?" is the worst and in the end the most hopeless motto a man can have. Life, if we set ourselves to drain it, is a pitifully shallow cup. It holds a few pleasures, bitter often in the after taste, a few brief joys, a little selfish ambition and happiness, but no more. All through the ages, the men, from King Solomon down, who have drained the goblet have found it unsatisfying, and have bewailed the fact.

But the measure to be filled—that, says the Wellspring, makes life a different thing. How much high achievement, pure aspiration, noble deed, unselfish fellowship, a man can put into life, and yet find room for more! The biography of every great man teaches us how much the measure may be made to hold. Lincoln's measure, Gordon's measure, Moody's measure—how deep, how satisfying they were! Such men care nothing—and why should they care?—for what they get out of life; for their whole thought is occupied with what they can get into it. Life is shallow only when we are seeking to exhaust it; it enlarges as we seek to fill it, always. A goblet to be drained—a measure to be filled—which shall he choose that life shall be? For the choice is each man's own.

JUST A HINT OR TWO.

Lemons will keep much longer if immersed in cold water which is renewed each day.

Black lace should be sponged with green tea to be made to look quite new and fresh again.

Sour milk added to the water with which oilcloth or linoleum is washed gives it a luster like new.

Flat irons should not be allowed to become red hot, for they never retain the heat properly afterward.

When making cakes, etc., try greasing the tins with olive oil instead of butter, and they will turn out much better and without any trouble.

The surest way of removing fruit stains from linen is to place the article in a bowl and immediately pour on boiling water, when stains will be found to entirely disappear.

To preserve blankets that are badly worn, patch all holes too large to darn; then cover with cheese-cloth and tack with colored yarn or worsted. Buttonhole with the yarn across the ends.

To loosen a glass stopper soak a corner of a glass cloth in boiling water and then wrap it round the neck of the bottle. The heat will cause the neck to expand and then the stopper may easily be removed.

To renovate leather furniture wash it with a little soap and water and when dry apply a little vaseline, rubbed in with the hand. Let it remain till next morning, then polish with a soft duster. This treatment will prevent the leather from cracking.

The very best dishcloths are made of knitted cotton, for they wash again and again and look like new. After using always wash a dishcloth with soap and soda, then rinse thoroughly and hang in the air to dry. A dirty dishcloth is a disgrace to a housewife.

LIVES IN A HENHOUSE.

Husband Quits His Home Because He Was Angered by Sight of a Whisky Flask.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes that William H. Pugsley, a contractor of Mount Vernon, N. Y., had his sister-in-law, Mrs. Allie Brown, in the police court the other morning on the charges of disorderly conduct and trespassing.

The trouble began Thanksgiving day, when Mrs. Brown, who is Mrs. Pugsley's younger sister, came to live with the Pugsley's. A few days later Pugsley, who is a prohibitionist, declares that he came home and found a half empty whisky flask on the table.

That night Pugsley went to sleep in the chicken-coop and has since made it his home, leaving his house to his wife and sister. He cooked his meals, made his bed, and lived like a hermit in the

Not a Nice Way of Putting It.

She—Oh, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about Mrs. Perkins. She is on your hands, is she not?

Dr. Pillsbury—She was; but I have left off attending her for the present.

She—Oh, that's good! She is out of danger then!—Judge.

WRESTLED WITH BEAR.

Hunter Ad Yocum's Lively Hand-to-Paw Encounter in the Pennsylvania Mountains.

The Pittsburg Post has added another to the many thrilling bear stories that have comef rom the Nittany valley. This time the hero of a battle with bruin is Ad Yocum, and his recent adventure will constitute a leading tale to be told about hunting party camp fires in the future.

One Thursday morning Yocum, with dog and gun, struck for the mountains and wandered from crest to crest until he was well into Sugar valley without finding any game. Ad had about given up hope of getting a shot that day, or finding any game, when, quite

USED GUN FOR A CLUB.

suddenly, he came on a large bear snugly ensconced in its den. Yocum's weapon was only a doublebarrelled shotgun, but he concluded to try a shot, and, taking careful aim, he fired at bruin. The load took effect, but only to the extent of waking up the bear and putting it in a fighting mood. It had not seen Yocum until he fired, but when it spied him it went for him, and soon got into such close quarters with its would-be slayer that he was unable to discharge the other barrel of his gun.

Using his weapon for a club Yocum resorted to the only chance he had left, and a hand-to-paw encounter occurred. At the first blow Yocum dealt, the butt of his gun gave way, and the hunter found himself with only the barrel to use on the bear. The situation was now decidedly desperate. Every second the bear became more furious and Yocum weaker. Finally the hunter rallied, got into a good position, and, exerting every energy, brought the barrel of his gun down on the bear's skull with such force that he killed the brute, it rolling over dead.

Soon after the battle a lumber team passed along, and it was secured to haul the carcass to the jubilant hunter's home. The bear was thin and weighed only a little over 100 pounds, but it had a fine pelt, and Yocum says that the fight it put up was even finer.

CRUSHED TO EARTH.

Truth Meets with Its Usual Initial Fate, But By and By It Will Rise Again.

Two fair young girls sat in a dainty boudoir gazing into each other's eyes.

"We are such good friends, Marcia," said one, "and we can afford to say to each other just what we think. Now, I have such a splendid schéme. Suppose we begin to-day by telling each other the exact truth without regard to any question of politeness."

"How perfectly lovely, Lobelia!" cooed the younger girl of the two.

"YOUR FEET ARE SO LARGE."

"Let's begin just now. What do you think of me?"

"I think," said Marcia, "that you are almost as pretty as you think you are, and when you don't try to be you are the most charming girl in the world."

"How awfully good of you!" rejoined the other. "And do you know that when you came in I was thinking that you looked just like one of those big feather dusters which had taken a notion to walk. Only your feet are so very large that the illusion was not quite perfect."

Two disheveled young women, with fair faces cross-lined by scratches, says the Chicago Journal, were taken out of that aristocratic mansion five minutes later and hurried in an ambulance to the nearest hospital.

Curious Remedy for Cholera.

A curious remedy for cholera was implicitly relied upon by superstitious Persians less than 100 years ago. The afflicted rolled a leaf of the Koran into a pill and swallowed it.

PERSONAL MENTION.

James N. Lann, of Middletown, N. Y., a preacher, doctor and author, is 90 years of age and has been married 13 times. His first marriage occurred at Milford, Pa., in 1830.

Anton Lang, who took the part of Christ in the Oberammergau play last summer, was married at Christmas to the girl who sang the "mystical song." Her father is Jakob Rutz, the village blacksmith and leader of the chorus.

Gen. Shattuc, of Ohio, chairman of the committee on immigration and labor of the house of representatives, has long been proud of his taste in fancy waistcoats, solitaire diamonds and flaring cravats, all of which adorn his expansive front.

It was particularly noticed at the recent New England dinner in Philadelphia that the speech of Chinese Minister Wu easily outshone all the others so far as good English was concerned. Among the orators of the evening were Justice Brewer, Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Hill and Mr. Cockran.

W. Scott Miller, of Louisville, Ky., has been granted by the courts of that state, the right to control and collect the money yielded through visitors to the Mammoth cave. The matter has been in litigation and the four daughters of the late Dr. George Grogham, who own the cave, are widely separated, one of them living in Switzerland and the other in California.

Dr. George Eitel, of Clarhassen, Carver county, Minnesota, who has just taken his medical degree at Berlin university, has already had diplomas from the universities of Minnesota, Oregon, California, Pennsylvania, Washington, Idaho and Montana—probably the record in the medical profession. The Berlin press good-naturedly banters him, hoping that before long he will be able to celebrate a silver jubilee commemorating his twenty-fifth passing of examinations. Eitel is 43 years old. He began his medical studies 16 years ago.

SEEN IN THE STORES.

Mauve and pink furniture is one of the latest artistic fancies—mauve wood, pink, satin, brocade and curtains shot with both colors and figured with flowers.

Pretty nut bowls of wood, decorated with burnt woodwork and resting on three short supports, are not only desirable but seem particularly adapted to the use intended.

One of the prettiest plants for home decoration shown by the florists is a begonia with delicate pale pink blooms that intermingle with the dark-green leaves in a way that delights the eye.

The newest side comb is the horseshoe comb and comes in light and dark tortoise shell. Then there are combs with rope-coiled tops and jeweled evening combs that cost a small fortune.

Superstitions concerning the opal have evidently died a natural death, if one may judge from the many that are shown. The demand for this lovely stone is steady, and though the Hungarian opals are the finest, many of lesser value are used as settings for brooches, rings, hatpins and stickpins and are much sought.

It is particularly noticeable in the china shops that the old-fashioned white china with gilt is becoming popular. These sets are almost duplicates of the old-fashioned "tea sets" of our grandmothers' early days, and come in the old-fashioned shapes, made of fine clear ware. Of course this ware is costly, and therefore the woman who has retained as a family heirloom her grandmother's set is fortunate.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

Several Chinese cities, beginning with Shanghai, are to be equipped with electric lines. The lines of this city will be ten miles long.

Electric currents from lightning, of 10,000 volts intensity, have been measured while passing down the conductors of the Eiffel tower.

In the high speed electric cars on the much-written-of Berlin-Zossen Electric railway, the driver is placed in the middle of the car and is separated by air spaces and iron walls from the passengers.

A New York man says he drinks electricity in water and it has made him ten years younger in a twelvemonth. It restored his teeth, his sight, his hair, his lost vitality. He declares that a glassful of the water as he prepares it will produce sufficient electric force to ring a small bell.

Too Bad.

Teacher—Compare the word ill.

Bright Boy—Ill, worse, dead.—N. Y. Times.

Weight of Gold and Cork.

A cubic foot of cork weighs 15 pounds; a cubic foot of gold weighs 1,155 pounds.

A Fatal Break.

Miss Peachblow—I don't think the photographer flattered you any.

Titherington—No; I was so tactless as to twice refer to his "studio" as a "photograph gallery."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Had All They Wanted.

"Have you given fresh water to the oldfish?"

"No, mamma, they haven't drunk what they've got already."—Christian Register.

What Passed Between.

Magistrate—What happened between yourself and the complainant?

O'Brien—I think, sor, a half dozen bricks and a lump of paving stone.—Tit-Bits.

Much Worse.

"What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

"A centipede with chilblains."—Boston Christian Register.

PETER GROGAN,
Furniture for All Washington.

extraordinary

Furniture Bargins.

This is the banner week for furniture buyers. We are cleaning away our stocks in all departments at greatly reduced prices in order to make room for spring goods. Read this list carefully—and remember that we are ready to arrange the easist kind of credit terms. We guarantee the durability of every article. Carpets made, laid, and lined free.

Spring Mattings, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, also Baby Carriages and Go Carts, are ready.

Sample Blankets.

These magnificent California Blankets are reduced to a point that insures the quickest kind of clearance.

11-4 Blankets—worth $11—reduced to.....$6.49
11-4 Blankets—worth $16—reduced to.....$10 98
11 4 Blankets—worth $9—reduced to.....$4.48
11-4 Blankets worth—$19—reduced to.....$12.48
11 4 Blankets—worth $11—reduced to.....$7.98
11-4 Blankets—worth $15—reduced to.....$9 98
11-4 Blankets worth—$11.50—reduced to.....$8.25
11-4 Blankets—worth $16.50—reduced to.....$11.48

Lamps and Globes.

1 $10 Lamp and Globe.....$4.98
1 $8 Lamp and Globe.....$5.75
1 $10 Lamp and Globe.....$7.98
1 $12 Lamp and Globe.....$8.98
1 $9 Lamp and Globe.....$6.75
1 $10 Lamp and Globe.....$7.50

Toilet Sets.

These Toilet Sets are in handsome patterns, and beautifully decorated.

All $7.50 Toilet Sets—10 pieces each—cut to.....$5
All $6 50. Toilet Sets—10 pieces each—cut to.....$4.48

Bamboo Pieces.

1 Seat, was $2.00. now....$1.50
1 Seat, was $4.00. now.....$3.00
1 Table, was $6.50. now...$5 50
1 $6 Music Cabinet now...$4.50

In Carpets.

80c Brussels Carpet.....59c yd
80c Tapestry Carpet.....69c yd
$1 Tapestry Carpet.....79c yd
$1 Best Tapestry Carpet.87c yd
$1 10 Velvet Carpet....87½c yd
$1.30 Velvet Carpet....97½c yd
$1.30 Velvet Carpet...$1.12½ yd

Roman Sofas.

1 Sofa, was $12.50. now....$8.49
1 Sofa, was $27.50 now....$24 00
1 Sofa, was $32 50, now...$26.00

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Friday, April 18, 1902

She will be assisted by her brother,

Wm Calvin Chase, Jr.

Both are Pupils of their Mother, Mrs. A. V. Chase.

Recital will begin promptly at 8 P. M,

Admission 25 Cents - Children 15 Cents

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

"Can you tell me what pride is?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a small pupil. "Yes'm," was the reply. "It's walking with a cane when you ain't lame."

Papa—"Tommy, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?" Tommy—"Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank."

"Mamma," said five-year-old Bessie, "I'm going to be a duchess when I grow up." "How are you going to acquire the title, my dear?" asked her mother. "Just like other ladies do," replied Bessie. "I'm going to marry a Dutchman."

Small Willie one day asked his mother who made the trees and was told that God made them. A few days later an old colored man came to trim the trees, and, the little fellow seeing him at work, ran to his mother and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, God's out in the yard repairing His trees!"

ART NOTES.

In spite of his age Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is an art student.

M. Hamard, the French sculptor, has just completed at Paris the model of a statue of Marshal Rochambeau, to be presented to the city of Washington as a companion to the statue of Lafayette.

Miss Helen Hyde, of San Francisco, won the first prize in a Tokio art exhibition, in which her work, done in the Japanese manner, came into competition with that of native painters. She began her studies of oriental folk in San Francisco's Chinatown.

A Give-Away.

Mrs. Youngthing—Fleurette, that barber friend of yours smiled at me on the street last evening. Tell him I will tell my husband if he does so again.

Fleurette (thoughtlessly)—Oh, madam! he could have meant nussing! He must have recognized madam's automobile coat and thought it was me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Way of the World.

When men do foolish things, we say:
"That is, indeed, their natural way."
And if they're wise, we're not content—
We murmur: "'Twas an accident."
—Washington Star.

VERY DIFFERENT.

"Do you mean to say that I have no right to open my wife's letters?"

"Of course you have the right. What you want is the nerve."—Moonshine.

They Say.

When dogs bark don't be disturbed.

It is better for the board of health to get behind their creditors.

One will improve your condition, while the other will starve your stomach.

Some people write for the fun of it.

This is the case of Menard of the *Age*.

The *Age* correspondent is in need of soap and lie.

He is more in need of the latter.

It is the good man who will do great deeds.

The Pen and Pencil club will give another blow out.

It should be encouraged.

Only four lady clerks remain in the Census Office.

The negro is in it no where.

The deeds of some people are disclosed.

Tillman has frighened the Republican Senate.

There are colored editors south who dare not criticise Tillman.

Such is the condition of the Southern sentiment.

Why does Booker Washington decline to indorse Fortune.

If he can't indorse him he should say nothing about him.

He ought to explain at any rate his reason for not indorsing him.

The audience at the second Baptest on last Sabboth was good natured.

Perry Carson thought two months ago that President Roosevelt was not a good man.

He might as well hang his hat upon a harp.

The man who imagines that is greater than his maker, ought be told how small he is.

Our public schools are now in the hands of the white race.

The negroes got tired of holding them.

They got tired of a good thing.

The people of this city ought to do something more substantial.

The administration will have to dump Booker Washington.

The negroes have no faith in him.

Let him shades of darkness.

Any negro that a white man can control is bound to be false to his people.

The man who says that the Democratic party is dead is mistaken.

Don't be alarmed when you think you hear a noise.

Register J. W. Lyons will be retained.

Well he is stronger than the Tuskegee Wizzard as he is called, and the people have more faith in him (Lyons.)

Nothing is more sussessful than an enterprising worker.

Fortune and Pieder will join the army of the kickers soon.

W. F Powell, minister to Hayti will be retained.

Office-seekers had better apply for something else.

Col. Pledger's opinion of Fortune is better than it used to be.

How some people can change front.

THE BEE likes Col. Pledger, but he must stick to his text.

Three Hundred Thousand Strong.

In 79 separate and distinct national cemeteries the bodies of nearly 300,000 soldiers who died during the civil war are interred. Some of the cemeteries contain each a silent army of over 10,000 soldiers, in serried ranks, marked by the white headstones, on nearly half of which is inscribed "Unknown."

Good News for Old Maids.

The enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country, and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every 1,000 people in the United States.

Swiss Revolving Carbine.

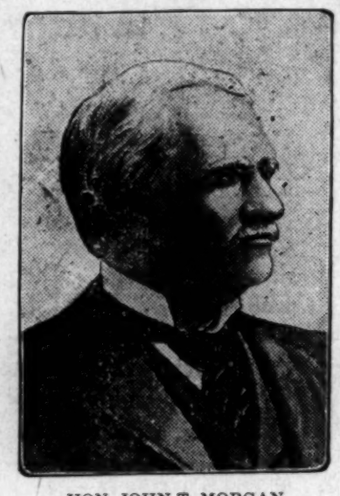
A revolving carbine used in the Swiss army fires 48 shots in 24 seconds, and will kill at 2,000 yards.

WANTED TO MAKE SURE.

A Little Incident Which Illustrates Senator John T. Morgan's Devotion to Accuracy.

Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, is said to have more general information stored away in his head than any other member of the United States senate. Although he has devoted the most of his time for years to the isthmian canal question, he has found opportunity to keep track of everything else that was going on in Washington. When the other members of the senate want to find out anything they ask Morgan.

The other day, during a discussion of the interoceanic canal bill, one of



HON. JOHN T. MORGAN.
(Senior United States Senator from Alabama.)

the members of the committee asked Senator Morgan what were the provisions of a certain treaty with France which had worked itself into the controversy. Much to their surprise the senator did not answer, but sent his clerk to Senator Cullom's room for a copy of the volume containing a compilation of the treaties entered into by this nation with foreign governments. When the clerk returned Mr. Morgan laboriously looked up the treaty in question in the index and then proceeded to enlighten the other senators. He held the open book before him while he repeated the provisions of the treaty, but the other senators noticed that not once did he glance at the printed page while he was reciting the provisions.

"Why did you send for the book if you knew the text of the treaty by heart?" asked Senator Elkins.

"Well," replied Morgan, "I could not remember for the life of me whether it began with 'This, or 'A' and I wanted to make sure."

GLOOMY RETROSPECT.

Gov. Stone of Pennsylvania Proves Himself a Wit as Well as a Wise Statesman.

No man in office in Pennsylvania better appreciates a story or a bit of wit more than Gov. Stone, says the Philadelphia Press. It is an admitted fact that of all the legislatures that ever assembled in Harrisburg that of 1901 was the worst. To this day men speak in whispers when they say that they were members of the last Pennsylvania legislature. When the legislature adjourned a friend of Gov. Stone, meeting him in the capitol park, said to him:

"Well, governor, now comes your time of recreation and release from

GOV. WILLIAM A. STONE.
(Chief Executive of the State of Pennsylvania.)

trouble. You have 18 months more of office, and you will have literally nothing to do. You will be called upon to make a few minor appointments, but you can do that without fear of offending anybody. There is nothing ahead to trouble you, and, best of all, there is no legislature before you."

Gov. Stone smiled grimly, regarded his friend curiously, and then, with a sad shake of his head said:

"No, there is no legislature before me; but, good Lord, look at the one behind me." And he passed on down the hill to the executive mansion.

Brain Lifted from Its Bed.

By one of the most remarkable operations known to surgery the brain of Rev. William A. Stark, pastor of the Broadway German Methodist church of Baltimore, actually was lifted from its bed and the roots of certain nerves that had caused the clergyman excessive neuralgia were extracted. The patient is said to have stood the operation well and small doubts of his recovery are entertained. The operation was performed at the Johns Hopkins hospital.

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It can be worn in bed, a great desideratum to the young as tending to a perfect cure.
It is the only suitable truss for children and females.
The proper amount of pressure can be brought to bear and maintained in any position without pinching or hurting to the wearer.
It will cure hernia if placed on the patient sufficiently early.
Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia.
It is so perfect and comfortable in its adjustment that the patient in a short time forgets he is wearing it. (See the certificate of Mr. Daniel Johnson.)
Sent postage paid to any address on receipt of price; $3 for single and $4 for double truss
In ordering, give location of hernia, right or left side and measurement. Satisfaction given or money refunded when the truss is returned in good order Address:

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HEARD AT OLD POINT.

Interesting Debate on What the "Niggah" Likes to Eat, Which Ended in the First Round.

A man just returned from the south tells this story of a bet between two darkies of Old Point Comfort:

The traveler was seated on the gallery of the Hygeia hotel when he saw "Eph" and a blacker companion walking toward the hotel. They were engaged in animated discussion and gesticulating expressively, soon getting near enough to be overheard.

"I kin name hit fust en' I kin name hit de quickes'," said Eph.

"Unh-um," injected the other, "you got to tell 'bout what a niggah likes

"STOP, NIGGAH!"
("Fo' de Lawd, You Ain' Left Nothin' fuh Me to Tell!")

tuh eat de bes' ob eberyting on de yearth—mighty slow an' purticklar so's yo' mouf water whiles you talkin'. It cain' be name whiles you floppin' up a nickel."

"Well—you jes go 'haid an' tell," defied Eph. "I bet you dis heah copper 'gin' a twis' of 'baccah dat when you gits thro' yo' gran' 'miration. I kin name what'll tickle a niggah's palate mo'n all de Belnezzar feasts."

The stakes were put up and the black man launched forth on the prize edible.

"You gits yo' dawg at sun down an' gits over de fence and you walks 'long twel you comes to de woods. Den you sings:

"Possum up de gum stump,
Coon down in de holler,
Pretty gal at our house
Fat ey she kin waller."

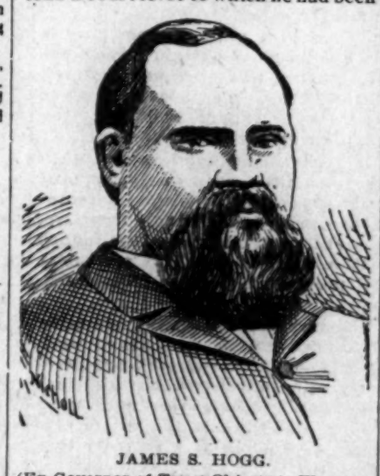
"Terrecly yo' dog run to sycamo' tree. You goes up dat tree an' you see a fat young possum. You gits dat possum down—(Eph began to look anxious), and teks yo' dog an' climb de fence. When yo' git back to yo' cabin you turn in an' bile some water in de pot en put ashes in hit. Den you tek an' turn in an' slaps dat possum in de pot. Den you tek him out, when he good en hot, an' yo' scrape him an' scrape him an' scr-a-pe him. When yo' gits done scrapin', you hangs him out do'se an' freeze 'im all night. De nex' mawnin' you put him in de pot an' bile him twel he tender an' den yo' gits out a pan an' grease hit. Den you turn in an' tek sweetin'-taters an' put 'em all 'roun' on de youtside. Den yo' put in de possum an' tek an' turn in an' put sweetin-'taters all on de inside an' set him on de oben. Preseny you smell him cookin' mighty nice an' juicy an'"—

"Stop, niggah!" shouted Eph, in despair. "Fo de Lawd, you ain't lef- nothin fuh me to tell!"

HOGG IS DEMOCTRATIC.

Ex-Governor of Texas Positively Refuses to Wear Knee Breeches for King Edward.

A dispatch from London to the Chicago Tribune, tells of the emphatic refusal of ex-Gov. Hogg, of Texas, to attend a court levee to which he had been



JAMES S. HOGG.
(Ex-Governor of Texas Objects to Wearing Knee Breeches.)

invited by the American ambassador when he found it would be necessary to wear the regulation dress of knee breeches, sword, etc. Mr. Hogg, who is six feet tall and weighs 400 pounds, said if he could not wear an ordinary dress suit he would forego the pleasure of meeting King Edward, and remarked that he "would cut a pretty figure in knee breeches."

Mr. Hogg is in London promoting a Texas oil deal. He was elected attorney general of Texas on the anti-trust platform, and later, as governor, was the most bitter enemy in the country of trusts, driving the Standard Oil company out of Texas and originating stringent legislation against trusts. When he left the governor's chair seven years ago he is said to have had just $55, but since has amassed a fortune of $2,000,000 in oil lands.

Pneumatic Postal Tubes.

Pneumatic postal tubes make slow progress in this country. In London there are 82 pneumatic tubes for the dispatch of postal packets, and their aggregate length is 34 miles.

FLEES FROM HAREM.

Cincinnati Girl Has a Narrow Escape in Persia.

Fights the Amorous Shah More Than Two Years and Finally Runs Away—Thrilling Story of First-Class Lie.

Emily Barnaby, a Cincinanti girl, has just arrived at Paris from Tabreez, Persia, after a most extraordinary adventure.

She was among a lot of beauties selected at Paris two years ago by the shah for various offices at his court and sent ahead to Teheran under escort to await his pleasure.

Emily then was a destitute student of music and had applied to the recruiting Persian minister upon the advice of a friend, also an American who had already accepted an engagement. Emily was duly presented to the shah, who gave a short, unintelligible order to his minister, and the latter told her she was engaged.

She left Paris three days later with nine other girls, mostly French, in charge of two old English shrews who have been long attached to the shah's household.

She remained at Teheran four months before she saw the sovereign. Then the two American girls were unexpectedly summoned at midnight and asked if they would entertain the shah, who was troubled with sleeplessness. The potentate was found in his bed surrounded by a crowd of attendants, among whom was a physician, who spoke English. Emily's friend played the piano, while Emily sang and danced. The shah, at first languid, soon became interested.

The next day Emily alone was summoned. Before being introduced she was dressed in oriental gauzes by the same two English shrews, who complimented her on the fact that the shah had taken a great fancy to her.

At the second interview the shah tried to express his fondness too warmly and Emily vigorously objected. When she finally broke down and cried the shah's anger was mollified and he ordered that she be taken to her apartment after sending her a considerate message, accompanied with valuable presents.

BROKE DOWN AND CRIED.

Thereafter she saw the shah almost daily, being his favorite entertainer. She says she learned to like the shah well except when a tender fit seized him.

Finally the shah grew ugly because of the girl's steadfast refusal to become a member of the royal harem, and she, following the advice of a French physician, ran away from the palace. She hid in Teheran three days and then the physician's servant took her, disguised and veiled like an oriental woman, to Tabreez, where she lived secretly with kind French nuns.

Four months ago Emily married a French merchant, rich, handsome and a Catholic convert. But the shah's emissaries finally locating her, she escaped, finding the country unsafe.

The young couple joined a Russian caravan, reached the Black sea and sailed from Batoum for Marseilles aboard a Greek vessel, which stopped at Trebizond.

There Emily's husband went ashore, saying he would take just a short stroll. He never returned, and his wife does not know whether he was murdered or had deserted her. Being afraid to risk herself alone in a strange city, she continued her voyage and finally reached Paris.

She tells the correspondent for the Chicago Chronicle she has most of her husband's wealth—jewels, quite a cargo of precious rugs and more than $1,000,000 in money.

Hen Clothed in Flannels.

An old hen belonging to Mrs. M. A. Stormont, says the Kirkwood (Ill.) Leader, began laying late in the fall, and was so persistent that she laid 26 eggs before she concluded to stop. During all this time she had neglected her moulting, and when she finally got ready to shed her feathers it was in the middle of winter, but the old ones had lost their life and were dry and harsh, consequently there was no other way but to make the change. In a short time she was almost bare and suffering from the cold. The Misses Stormont, seeing her predicament and appreciating the value of her service rendered, determined to come to her rescue. They accordingly took the old hen into the house, took her measurements, made her a suit of flannels to fit, and then released her. Her ladyship took the matter very philosophically, and hustled off to her companions, apparently very comfortable in her new suit.

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For Round Bay and Bay Ridge, d p. m.
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For Winchester †8.35 a. m., †1.45, and †5.30 p. m.
For Luray, *3.45 p.m.
For Annapolis, †7.15, §8.30, †8.35 †11.55 a. m., *5.15 p.m.
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For Washington Junction and way points, §8.35, §2.00, a. m., §1.15, †4.30., †5.30, p. m.
For Baltimore, week days, x3.00, 5.00, 6.30, x7.05 x7.15, x8.30, 8.35, x9.30, x10.00 11.55 a. m., x12.30 noon, x1.35, x3.00, x4.00, x4.30, x4.35, x5.05, x5.35 x6.20, 6.30, x8.00, x10.00, x11.30, 11.35 p. m. Sundays, x3.00 x7.05 x7.15, §.30, x9.00, a.m. x12.30, 1.15, x3.00, x3.30, x5.05, x5.35, 6.30, x8.00, x10.00, x11.30, x11.35 p. m.

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BIG SQUAW AUCTION.

Annual Sale of Brides by the Co-Manche Indians.

Amy Parker, Daughter of Noted Chief, Sold to Wild Horse for 63 Ponies — Other Maidens Also Brought Good Prices.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes that the annual distribution of Comanche Indian brides has just occurred at the Saddle Mountain mission, in southern Oklahoma. Fifty of the prettiest women of the tribe were sold at public auction as the wives of tribesmen who bid them in. This barbaric custom was to have been discontinued by the Comanches last year, but it went on more boldly than ever this season, being conducted under the very eyes of the white settlers.

The festival of the Comanche "pony smoke," as this ceremony is called, is of more than passing interest. Seldom are so many young squaws auctioned off as was done this year, but the surplus was great and needed thinning out, according to the head men of the tribe. Their parents, refusing to keep them any longer, the girls naturally needed homes somewhere, and it was deemed best by the medicine men to auction them off as wives, the highest bidders to take their choice. Big Bow, a monstrous fat and ugly redskin, acted as the auctioneer. He was assisted by a number of medicine men, who performed the marriage ceremonies after the sales had been made.

Five hundred Indians gathered at the Saddle Mountain mission. This mission is located 30 miles directly south of Mountain View, and on the range of the Wichita mountains. The girls who were sold had been confined in a lodge for three weeks prior to this meeting, and were well fed and extremely well groomed. They were all clad in gay colors, and their hair arranged in perfect Indian fashion. It was plain to see that their parents had prepared them to bring fancy prices. The girls were in various

TRIED TO KILL HER HUSBAND.

moods; some hysterical, others calm, and not a few delighted with the experience.

Among others was a daughter of the famous Quahnah Parker, the noted Comanche Indian chief. This daughter, whose name is Amy, had displeased him by attempting to run away and marry a white man, and a cowboy at that, so Parker decided that the best thing would be to sell her at auction. This is the first time that Parker, who is counted by his white neighbors a highly cultivated red man, has ever allowed any of his relatives to be sacrificed at the auction block. But the wrath of an Indian parent knows no bounds.

Sad and silent, Amy Parker was led to the block for sale. The first bid was 11 ponies. Jack Wild Horse, a well-known scout of the tribe, was the bidder. He was immediately raised by a rival, likewise a scout. This latter claimant bid 15. Others then cut in, and Miss Parker was run up to 50 ponies. Her face grew pale when she saw that Wild Horse was determined to get her, as he is known as the most desperate savage on the reservation when drunk and angered. It is said that he has killed three wives when drunk. Wild Horse, however, won the young squaw for 63 ponies. The stock was turned over to Parker, and a medicine man married Wild Horse and the squaw, according to the Comanche rites. The couple then went to El Reno, where a regular marriage license was issued to them and the ceremony repeated by a pale-face minister. Although the marriage took place only three days ago, a dispatch from Lawton says that she attempted to commit suicide after failing in an attempt to kill her new husband.

Other young women objected quite as strongly as Miss Parker did to being auctioned off, but it did them no good whatever. Big Bow went ahead with the sale until every one of them was sold. The lowest bid made for any of them was 20 ponies. This was the price paid for a half-breed woman who had been married to a white man, but, the latter having died, she reverted back to her parents again.

In all over 1,500 ponies changed hands in the three days of the big bridal auction. Not for many years have the squaws commanded such spirited bidding and big prices as in this latest event of its kind among the Comanches.

Not a Question of Brightness.

A young man may be as bright as a dollar, but some girls would rather have the dollar.—Chicago Daily News.

BEES IN HIS PARLOR.

But Owner of the House Didn't Know It Until the Busy Insects Began to Sting Him.

For some time past bees have been annoying the family of James R. Clements, of Rochester, N. Y. Every day or so a bee would crawl out of the opening made for one of the sliding doors between the sitting-room and the parlor. Lazily poising itself, the bee would fly about the room until its career was cut short by a slap from the palm of Mr. Clements or somebody else in the house. But another bee would come forth to take the place of the slaughtered one.

It finally dawned upon Mr. Clements that he was keeping bees in his

"HONEY! BUSHELS OF IT."

house. The discovery made no particular impression on him until the other day, when one of them stung him.

Hot water was thereupon procured and the spot whence the bees issued was deluged with it, but hot water was a failure so far as concerns the extermination of the bees. So were other devices for circumventing insect marauders in the homes of men.

While Mr. Clements was still hot upon the trail of the bees another member of the family came into contact with one of the small disturbers, and after a brief struggle, although the bee was destroyed, a couple of pieces of furniture were sacrificed and the happiness of the family was disturbed.

That night carpenters were sent for, and upon the day following there was a sound of loud hammering and ripping and tearing of wood. Mr. Clements, from another part of the house, directed the attack.

The workmen tore away a couple of partitions and then discovered that a whole swarm of bees had taken up its abode there. Many had perished, but still there was a large, active contingent, and they resisted the intrusion. But sweet were the fruits of victory.

"Honey! bushels of it!" shouted one of the carpenters, tearing into the room where Mr. Clements was sitting.

Further investigation, after the bees had been driven away, showed the presence of 30 pounds of delicious honey. It cost Mr. Clements $185 to put his house in repair.

NO BUSINESS DONE.

Life Insurance Man Meets a Bright Youngster and His Waterloo at the Same Time.

He was comparatively new at the business and had already found out that the life of an insurance agent is not all a bed of roses, but he was fully determined to make a good record in the small town he had selected for his operations. At one house his ring was answered by a comely

"I HAVE NO HUSBAND."

young woman, who waited calmly for him to state his business.

"Is your husband insured, madam?" he began, in an ingratiating fashion.

"No," she responded.

"Indeed!" he answered, confident that he had found a bonanza. "Do you not think he should be insured?"

"No," with the same calmness.

This was a staggerer, but he promptly rallied.

"Why, madam, do you not think that he owes it as a sacred duty to you and his family that his life should be insured?"

"No; I do not."

"You do not! Will you please tell me why?"

"Certainly. I have no husband. Good morning." And the interview was closed.

Sad, But True.

Some people think they are entitled to a lot of praise for the things they don't do.

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Dr. C. C. Stewart has purchased a fine Doctor's carriage.

The reception of the Orpheus Glee Club at Odd Fellows Hall was a musical as well as a financial success,

In union there is strength. The Congregationalists of the city are demonstrating this fact in the great Union meeting now planned and to begin tomorrow at 3 P. M. at Lincoln Temple.

It is very seldom that men of large means turn aside from money making to give their lives and large fortunes to the work of soul saying. This, Chas. N. Crittendon the rich New York merchant has done. Since Moody he is unrivaled as an evangelist. Every body will doubtless seek to hear him.

Pastors Garner, Nixon, and Brown are wisely uniting their forces toward saving souls and deepening the work of grace in their own and other churches.

Special Music at Lincoln Templ Palm Sunday and Easter. The pastor's sermons are attracting special attenton. The crowds increase and Lincoln is now one of the most popular churches in town.

There was a musical and literary entertainment at the Plymouth Congregational church on last Wednesday evening. Miss Hattie Hammer read a selection from Paul Lawrance Dunbar, entitled The Party. Miss Hammer is a very polished and refined reader and her rendition of this piece was highly applauded. Mr. Harry Lewis sang a solo accompanied by Miss Georgia Sevay.

CHARLES STEIFF.

This is one of the best known piano manufacturers and sellers in the United States. If you want a first class instrument don't fail to call on him. See advertisement in another column.

Court Notes.

Justice Anderson has been presiding over a number of cases for the past two weeks.

Charles Coleman is now on trial for murder. Attorneys Chase and Jones represent the defendant.

Attorney Royal Hughes has been sick.

Attorney Stewart has been quite active for several weeks.

The District Code has made law business dull.

Attorney Clinkscales has purchased a new law library. Business has increased.

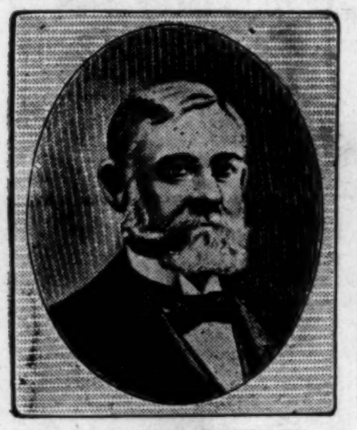
Revival Meetings.

The great evangelist, Charles N. Crittendon, of New York, and founder of the Florence Crittenton Mission work throughout the world has been secured to conduct union revival services for ten days at Lincoln Temple, beginning Sunday, March 23, at 3 P. M. Peoples, Plymouth and Lincoln Temple are united in this meeting and other churches are invited to unite also. The far reaching influence of Mr Crittendon as an evangelist and the unusual interest manifested in his recent visit to this city assure great awakening among the people of the city. He is without doubt one of the most successful evangelists now in the field and the churches that have secured his services for the ten days meeting may feel themselves most fortunate.

HON. JOHN F. DRYDEN.

Chosen to Succeed the Late William J. Sewell as United States Senator from New Jersey.

John Fairfield Dryden, the choice of New Jersey republicans for United States senator, has been the architect of his own fortunes. He is rated as a millionaire and is known throughout the country as the founder and president of the Prudential Life Insurance company, of Newark, N. J., but his wealth and prominence were attained solely through his own efforts and by dint of extraordinary energy, persistence and hard work, unaided by speculation. Born on a farm near Farmington, Me., August 7, 1839, his life has been as rugged as the mountains of his native state. His first essay for himself was at Yale, whither he went to fit himself for the bar, but his health gave way under close study and he turned his attention to life insurance, a subject in which he had become greatly interested while at college. He began active operations 27 years ago, with an office staff numbering only three persons and an outfit costing not more than $200. To-day he has under him more than 30,000 persons in all parts of the country. Besides being a man of rare executive ability, Mr. Dryden is a good talker. He lives in a modest way, and it is doubtful if one in ten of his Newark neighbors knew until recently what political party he supports.



JOHN FAIRFIELD DRYDEN.
(Just Elected United States Senator from New Jersey.)

WATCHING FOR JOHN

Rev. William Miller's Door Left Unlocked for 28 Years.

Faithful Parents Listening for the Footsteps of a Son Who Ran Away from Home When He Was a Boy.

According to the Binghamton (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York Sun the recent death of Rev. William Miller, of Clifford, ends a long and fruitless watch for a runaway boy.

Elder William Miller, as he was known, was one of the best-known Baptist preachers in northeastern Pennsylvania. He officiated at more weddings and funerals than any other clergyman in Susquehanna county. He was 81 when he died.

He was strongly opposed to games of all kinds. One day, 28 years ago, he discovered that his youngest son, John, had been playing croquet. The father gave the boy a severe scolding and finally positively forbade him ever again to play croquet.

John told a companion afterward that he would "show father a trick." That night, while the other members of the family were asleep, he ran away. The only things he took with him besides his clothes were the pictures of his mother and sister removed from the parlor album.

No trace of him could be found from the time he left the house. His parents were firm in their belief that he would slip into the house some night as cautiously as he had slipped out. They accordingly left the door unlocked for him at night.

When a year had passed away they were sure that he would return on the anniversary of his disappearance; and when she retired that night his mother left on the dining-room table those articles of food of which the boy had been most fond.

The custom was kept up every anniversary of the day for five years. So certain was the parents that he would return when he had been gone five years that they planned to have a party for him, to which they invited the young people of the neighborhood.

THEN JOHN RAN AWAY.

Then ten years was the time toward which they looked forward, for they said: "Johnny will surely come home when he has been gone ten years."

The fifteenth and twentieth anniversaries of the boy's disappearance were as anxiously awaited by the parents. Three years ago they counted much on the twenty-fifth year since their boy ran away, at which time they were especially sure that he would return; and the mother was ready to greet him with an abundance of the delicacies of which he was fond.

Since the night that he disappeared not a thing has been heard from the missing son. But never for one instant would the parents entertain the belief that he was dead. Up to the hour of his death the other day William Miller expected his son's return.

The aged mother, now alone, has taken up the watch. As for years past, in her sleepless nights, she listens for the opening of the door which for more than 28 years has never been locked.

Must Cut Off Their Beards.

The German emperor has issued his command, and the doctors must now cut off their beards. The kaiser's own physician as well as the empress' and their assistants, we are told, will be obliged to shave, and the army surgeons may next expect to receive their orders. The cause of all this stir, of course, is the dangerous little microbe. The creatures, it is found, attach themselves easily to a physician's beard or mustache when he examines his patients' throats, etc., and it is possible then for him to carry the disease in his beard to some other person. Two German professors and a French professor have studied the matter thoroughly, and the former go so far as to say that a skull cap should be worn by the physicians in the sick room.

The First of Homesteaders.

Dr. Daniel Freeman, of Gage county, Nebraska, is known as the "first homesteader." He is living on the first farm the government gave away under the homestead act. His home is about five miles west of Beatrice. His original entry of 160 acres has expanded until it is now a well stocked farm of 1,200 acres.

Makes Coffins of Stone.

A strange hobby is pursued by Samuel Snell, of Holyoke, Mass. In his leisure hours he makes stone coffins, and during the past 25 years has sold over a hundred of them.

Boy Frightened to Death.

Recently at Lewisham, England, an inquest was held on the body of Sidney Harry Smith, aged 12 years. He was playing with a roller towel and placed his head through it. In some way he must have got the towel twisted, for when the servant found him five minutes afterward he was dead. A physician said death was due not to strangulation, but to the fright caused by the lad finding he could not get his head loose.

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A Wonderful Face Bleach AND HAIR STRAIGHTENER.
both in a box for $1, or three boxes for $2. Guaranteed to do what we say and to be the "best in the world." One box is all that is required if used as directed.
A WONDERFUL FACE BLEACH.
A PEACH-LIKE complexion obtained if used as directed. Will turn the skin of a black or brown person four or five shades lighter, and a mulatto person perfectly white. In forty-eight hours a shade or two lighter will be noticeable. It does not turn the skin in spots but bleaches out white, the skin remaining beautiful without continual use. Will remove wrinkles, freckles, dark spots, pimples or bumps or black heads, making the skin very soft and smooth. Small pox pits, tan, liver spots removed without harm to the skin. When you get the color you wish, stop using the preparation.
THE HAIR STRAIGHTENER
that goes in every one dollar box is enough to make anyone's hair grow long and straight, and keeps it from falling out. Highly perfumed and makes the hair soft and easy to comb. Many of our customers say one of our dollar boxes is worth ten dollars, yet we sell it for one dollar a box.
Any person sending us one dollar in a letter or Post-Office money order, express money order or registered letter, we will send it through the mail postage prepaid; or if you want it sent C. O. D., it will come by express. 25c. extra. In any case where it fails to do what we claim, we will return the money or something else free of charge. Packed so that know contents except receiver.
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Buy pure food that appeals to your appetite.
Old Homestead and Grandma's
Breads, baked by Boston Baking Co., fill the bill. There are the
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For Sale by your Grocer. Look for your label to be sure you are getting the genuine article, as our bread is imitated everywhere
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Gold and silver watches, diamonds jewelry, stoves, guns, mechanical tools, ladies and gentlemen's wearing appearal.
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The Leading Piano, Organ, and Music House in the National Capital.
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UPRIGHT PIANOS AS LOW AS
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MISS JESSIE ACKERMAN.

Temperance Missionary in Japan to Wed Russian Nobleman Who Saved Her from Mob.

Miss Ackerman, who is a traveling missionary for the National Woman's Christian Temeperance union, and at present in Japan, has announced her

MISS JESSIE ACKERMAN.
(Temperance Missionary Who Is to Marry a Russian Noble.)

engagement to a man who, she says, saved her life. In a letter just received at national headquarters of the union, in Evanston, Miss Ackerman says she has been "captured heart and hand by a Russian nobleman," and that they are to be married as soon as she finishes the tour she is making. The name of the prospective husband is not given. Miss Ackerman says that some years ago, while she was making temperance lectures in Russia, she was attacked by a mob, and would have been killed had it not been for the appearance of the nobleman. An attachment which soon ripened into love sprang up between the two at that time.

Mistake of the Young.

The most foolish of all terrors is that clever young heads think that they lose their originality when they recognize the truth that has already been recognized by others.

Wants His Church Filled.

The minister of a Baptist church in Phillipsburg, Kan., is confident that he can preach his best sermons when he has a well-filled auditorium. He announces this belief in an advertisement which reads thus: "There still remain a few vacant seats at the regular services in the Baptist church of this city. The pastor will, and can, preach better sermons if the seats are all filled with worshipful attendants. Will you not come?"

Never Stingy.

"Ah, old man! I hear you've had an addition to your family."

"Yes, two."

"Not twins?"

"Oh, no; the baby and my wife's mother!"—Town Topics.

The Verdict.

"Miss Holler says she thinks she will have her voice tried."

"Well, if she does the verdict will be 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Suggestive.

"So your husband died while you were abroad," said the hostess.

"Yes," replied the young widow of old Mr. Skinflint, with an appropriately mournful sigh; "poor John has gone to his final reward."

"Beg pardon," said the host, suddenly, "that reminds me I must go down and look at the furnace fire."—Philadelphia Press.

The Man Who Knows.

Mrs. Scribbler—That manuscript of mine is first-class.

Mr. Scribbler—Who told you?

"The man I bought the stamps from in the post office."—Philadelphia Record.

A Regular Mint.

Jimmy—Don't see you out these nights. Anything doing?

Dicky—You bet! Mr. Smallwood offered me a nickel not to tell paw when I caught him kissing sis. I hide under the sofa and he kisses her about 20 times during the evening.—Chicago Daily News.

Shying Off.

She—How odd! That lecturer says blonds should marry brunettes, and vice versa. You're a decided blond, you know.

He—I suppose so. You're a blonde, too, aren't you?

She—O no! I'm a pronounced brunette.

He (in terror)—Now, Miss De Muir, you can never make me believe that your creamy complexion and golden hair are—er—not natural.—Chicago Tribune.

Viewed by a Versemaker.

There is beauty in the sunset
And in the starry night;
There is grandeur in the mountains
And in Niagara's might;
There is terror in the tempest
And in the lightning's flash;
There is mystery in everything—
And there is everything in hash.
—Chicago Daily News.

NO IMPROVEMENT POSSIBLE.

Clergyman (referring sympathetically to departed breadwinner)—Well, well, let us hope he's better off where he is.

Widow—O! sir, he always used to say it was 'eaven to be with me.—Moonshine.

If She Only Would.

Fate oft scatters roses rare,
And 'twould be rather nice,
If fate in slippery seasons would
Scatter ashes on the ice.
—Chicago Daily News.